

Escapade



MAY 1956 50 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

SEMINAR ON VIRGINITY

PHOTOGRAPHER'S
PRIVATE FILE

So You Want A Girl In The Palm Of Your Hand . . . ?

Every red-blooded American male, whether he be an inhabitant of Al Capp's co's-pens country or a denizen of sophisticated Urbana, wants a girl in the palm of his hand. The achievement of this desirable condition demands a certain savoir faire, a certain knowledgability, a certain assured masculinity. For these things, girls go.

ESCAPADE would like to see a girl in the palm of every red-blooded American male, and toward this end offers each month a compendium of literary and artistic selections which, taken in whole or in part, may be used as an authentic guide to a girl's heart. We know, because girls write and tell us so.

For example, take this issue, headed in a cover which actually pictures an ESCAPADER who has reached the state of grace aspired to by all worthy males. In answer to uncounted requests, we offer another *Photographer's Private File*, this time featuring the Millers' charming daughter, Mona, as photographed by that shy lensman, Max Meyers. We also invite your attention to a phenomenal aspect of Hollywoodian life called "What's So Universal About These Pictures?", which is a pleasantly stir-

ringing sort of gossipiveness and certainly more fun than a crossword puzzle.

In the humor department, we not only present a number of very funny articles and departments, such as *Ellen West's* hilarious debunking of the sports car, titled "Four-Wheeled Women," but also tell you how to create talk on your own back in "Being Funny's No Joke," by Dr. Martin Klein.

This month's fiction is widely varied in subject matter and style. There is, for example, *Frederick Whiting's* sensitive study of an adulterous relationship as seen through the eyes of a small boy; "Mother's Day At The Red Rock," by upstartling author Mackey Galskapian, which examines the human side of a baseball umpire, a side hitherto thought by many fans to be non-existent; "Dance, Auditorium" by Lee Zisberg, a probing look into the depths of frustration, and other stories of equal interest.

And we announce, with appropriate fanfare, ESCAPADE's Creative Writing Contest for College-ians, one of our most impressive projects.

You've probably got a girl in the palm of your hand already. So you've got two hands, haven't you?





escapade

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Donald O. Teal Jr.
Archival Collection

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APOLGUE

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ADULTERY



The boy walked slowly along the sidewalk, walking in the shadows of anthills between the stacks of cement squares and kicking at stray stones. He hated the same name six times before it finally clattered from the gutter, and looked about for another. He saw a dead worm, stranded in the August heat, flat and hard and brown like old sealing wax. But a worm is half, he thought, and took each with cruel awe. The half-dollar his mother had given him was wet in his fist and uncomfortable to hold any longer, and he dropped it from his pocket and wiped his hand on the back of his pants. He brushed at the glimmers of sweat on his forehead and rubbed his hand over the end of his nose, over and over the itching end of his nose, sniffing at his moist palm. A wet snuff from the rain. He felt it caught in the cloth of his pocket, bouncing against his leg.

His mother had said, "I've a reward for you, Tommy . . ."

By FREDERICK
WHEATING

IN SUBURBIA

*A black eye
is not always
a badge of honor*

He did not want to think about it, but it was all there in his mind, the teachers, mostly red and white, and the lunch pail, streaked with blue from blackberry pie, and her voice, hovering and teasing.

" . . . It's for being a good boy and taking the trash out all week."

He always took the trash out. He knew the money was right out of him for the afternoon, but he sat quietly, watching her as she unscrewed his purse, picked a half-dollar from the black lining, and placed it, cool as brass, in his hand.

"Now you run down to the movies."

He looked at the floor. "Yes, I don't want to see a movie. It's too hot to walk all the way down there."

Gracie suddenly puckered her mouth. "Child, Tommy! Think how nice and cool the movie will be. And it's the *Three Godfathers* picture. I looked it up for you."

He almost said *No*, but "No" implied defiance, and he didn't feel it. His eyes followed her while the coast he placed, as it is in the sink and began to run water over it. She was dressed as if it were raining and she were going out with his father. And she walked very even. Even across the

room he could tell that she let the screen draw them as he left.

As he walked, he heard the double-sounds of a footstep and the sound of a crumple on the opposite block.

"*Freda stramberrin . . . freda stramberrin . . .*"

Scuffling, scuffling he was, at the anthills. She had told him not to sniff, and when he remembered, he stopped. He discovered the largest anthill of all, and he stood over it and watched the ants scuffling about it, swarming and sniffing and shoving, and he wondered if ants got hot in the sun. There he stopped on stone, grinding his feet back and forth over the dry grass.

His Sunday school teacher had said, "There shall men tell," but he had read a story of desert sand and torture, the ants eating the snail's-footed ground men. At the eyes. Under his lips and under the eyes. His skin itched. He decided it was all right to tell ants.

"*Freda stramberrin . . . freda stramberrin . . .*"

An enticing call.

"*Freda stramberrin . . .*"

"Ah, that up, you double-wasp!"

He had seen and the word was broken. He knew his father would be angry. His father was angry about words like wasp. Even about Dad. Dad's like to be called Pop. Just that. Your father, his mother always said.

In his mind, he saw himself going to his father now, going to the city, to the high building scored by elevator . . . "Severance, please."

. . . down the hard-aching hallway, past the rows of doors with brass mail slots and black lettering on rounded glass, to the office with the corner windows that looked down on tripomatic rooftops, the familiar office with the leather chairs, rich and brown, and the desk with the telephone, and the girl, slim and younger than his mother, who was always talking in and out with papers in her hand. His name was Miss Hanson. He often thought how he would like to marry her someday because she was so pretty and so polite and friendly.

"My! How you've grown!"

"You always say that."

Her laughter was girlish. "Well, it's true! Now you have a nose for a moment, and I'll tell your father you're here."

But then he couldn't imagine how he could ever tell his father about his mother. And he knew he would be breaking a rule, part of the man-code his father had taught him.

His father had told him never to

(Continued on next page)

inform.

"... inform, Dad?"

"... tell us somebody, son. People call them informers, squealers, snitchies. You're old enough to tell them informers, Tommy."

Tommy promised that he would never again inform.

Informing. He considered the word, and he wasn't sure it applied, because he knew the man who came to see his mother was bad. It was easy for him to tell that, just as in the movies, when a man with black teeth around his mouth beat his horse, he could always tell that man was going to be the villain. He thought about the time he first knew of The Man, how he had gone to the great, high-ceilinged railroad station to see his father off, how they had laughed by the overcrowded main gate and the hurry of it all to hear the train conductor's voice, and how his father had told him to take good care of his mother while he was away.

"You're the man of the house while I'm gone, Tommy. You take good care of your mother."

"Yes, sir?"

His father kissed his mother and ruffled his hair.

"Oh, Tom?" His mother sounded like someone else's mother sometimes. "He looked so nice! Come here, Tom."

my?"

She flicked a comb through his hair. "Wouldn't I?"

His father picked up the shiny yellow bag, and the brief case, his shiny and long yellow.

"You're a group of nervous honey," his father said. "Better take it easy while I'm away. Give a good rest." He kissed her again and was gone through the gate.

In his bed that night, the boy felt his father's absence, and he wondered if the doors were locked, and he thought how easily a burglar could cut through a screen. It was a long time before he fell asleep, and even then, in his sleep, he was restless, because his pillow was hot and his shoes were hot, and the away there were socks. The heat and the voices prodded him, stirred him and prodded until he was suddenly awake, sitting, upright in bed, eyes wide against the darkness, watching. The beam stopped the curtain against the screen at the open window, and there was the silhouette of his chair with his clothes hanging over it and the glint of reflected moonlight on the porcelain Bagg Bunny that sat on the top of the drawers. He scanned the countenance of rigidity, and only his eyes moved, side to side, up and down, during. His eyes lifted the silence, striving to catch the twinkling of a

beard on the branch of a mustache against a wall. But there were only the voices. He moved his head to listen. They went close. They were from his mother's room. He dove, head deep into the pillow and clutched the covers over him and lay very still, his heart beating through his chest against his huddled arms. He imagined men with masks and guns creeping closer, but he couldn't say remembering what his father had said him.

"You're the man of the house while I'm gone, Tommy. Take good care of your mother..."

He would need something to fight with, but his handkerchief was in the collar in the corner against the white-washed wall, and his father's gun was in the bedroom where the voices were, under the bath of socks in the drawers second from the top and the buttons were in the jewel box. Anyway, he didn't know how to work. All he knew was that the gun broke open in the middle. But there was the telephone... on the Chinese shelf on the downstairs hall table, and he wondered if he could go to it to call the police.

"... take good care of your mother..."

"Yes, sir?"

But his mother weakened him so.

"... take good care..."

He peeked from beneath the covers slowly, just his eyes, waiting for something to grab him, like a wormtail or some other meanie monster. But there was nothing, and more bravely, he sat up. He heard the voices, and as long as he could hear them in the distance, he felt safe. He decided to try to go to the phone, and once he decided, he didn't let himself think about it because it was too frightening, and he just moved his body without thinking about it. The bed squeaked, and he turned how heavily a bed can squeak when you try to get out of one quickly, but he could still hear the voices, so it was all right. Under his feet the rug was wool-warm, and then the wood of the floor was hard and cool. The voices were louder at the doorway, and he stopped. Even snuffed, he knew his mother's voice. There was no red patch on pain to it. It was rising, he stopped into the hallway, and it was her voice, and a man's.

A laugh.

"Oh, darling! Not so loud..."

Hand over the mouth laughing.

For a while, he stood there. And he heard. And then, back in his bed, the sofa rocked on him like vomit, and in the morning, the voices when he

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"Just one more for my collection before we shut it up."

I was already on my way out of the door. Two Lingerie & Corset Shoppers with a small but meaningful bit taken of attention for my misdeeds under my arm, when my midnight (come to think of it, she was a size larger in the cup size than Mignon) said, "Well, thank God for men or we'd never get rid of the junk!"

Great respect! "You mean to tell me a woman would never buy a gilly about-black-as-butto-brown-primed, earth-brushed-cream-colored, Glossy-Tantalus . . . ?"

Yes, indeed! I had been hit on the head with Newton's apple while standing on the deck of Darwin's boat. Did only men buy the black and shiny stuff, while women themselves leaned in the sensibly practical white representation? A significant research project was under way.

Two pieces of underwear do not add up to a Sherry Report, but a couple of thousand might — so, first, to the Lingerie makers.

Tuesday manufacturers were questioned. Ninety-nine and eight-tenths percent, surprisingly, didn't think much of black-lacy. White was definitely their baby — it suits the non-60-65 percent, and mad-girls was around but only slightly more than 5 percent of total output was black. White's more. Black was almost entirely Christmas seasonal. Even then, black didn't stay sold. Furthermore, literally speaking, although we were in a big boom period, we were also in a black lingerie down-period.

The significance in these findings?

A spokesman for the hundreds of Lingerie Shops: "Fashion may give the male buyer an excuse, but after the holidays a good 50 to 75 percent of the black comes back for exchange. Whether it has served any purpose in the interim, we cannot say. Maybe just buying the stuff is enough."

Joan (Miss Jolly Penelope) Kline: "We were making more black 10 years ago because the boys, just back out of the barracks, marched into the stores and created the rampant demand for black panties."

Henry (Peter Pan Foundation) Pielak: "Even today, we still make as much black as we do only because men wear its ugly head, or in the case of a really good panty-girdle, attempt to head its ugly rear."

The first seven male shoppers encountered in women's shops were asked: "When will lingerie do you prefer to buy?" Interestingly seven different answers showed up:

ESPANOL: "Never buy any at all." (Shoppers somewhat weakened by the last subject told lingerie package and sales clip is hard). FORTITUDINE: "Black, of course. I was like something delicious." (Subject emphasized statement by hanging a fat into a cupped hand). SCOTCHNESS: Personally, I don't care what color the underwear is." EARNEST: "Men and a healthy, a rich suggestion, marched all the hell over France looking for the stuff. Women did buy any, because only pink was left and, somehow, that didn't seem like underwear." TRADITIONALISM IN MAINTAINING A DISTINCTION BETWEEN PEOPLES AND DARKER WOMEN: "I used to buy black for a girl I was living with. Somehow I would have seemed too forward to buy her white, just like it wouldn't seem right to buy black for the wife." PRACTICALITY: "I just happen I thought my wife more white and why I

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MEN,

WOMEN

AND LINGERIE

*Buy her black and
she'll probably exchange it*

BY DOLPH SLARK





By DR. MARTIN KLEIN

When you turn on your favorite TV comic or celebrate your anniversary at the neighborhood nightclub, and sit there thinking, "O.K. Make me laugh," anywhere up to half-a-dozen men are growing silent. In short, they're afraid you won't laugh. Not only is this comic on the spot, but four or five men whose names you probably never heard of are sweating it out with him. They're the men that have to get funny for money, the comic writers. When you consider the average thirty-minute television show grids up sixty to seventy gags, and this pitiable commodity, usable only

general situation. The comic is to be involved in an income tax situation, say. Naturally, then, the material must fit in with income tax, the people connected with income tax, and the problems of paying it. For the days you're on your own. How do you go about thinking up thirty or forty jokes about income tax, remembering that if you don't, you won't have any to pay yourself next year?

Most gag writers consistently or unconsciously work on basic formulas. There are more or less tried and true general situations that make people laugh. The principle one, for example,

BEING FUNNY'S NO

try a formula and you may get



once, must be ground out with regularity, you can see somebody's got a job on his hands. That is, if he can say funny enough to keep it.

I don't think anybody is under enough to believe that the humor that pours forth weekly, week in and week out, is the spontaneous offing of the comic. For that matter, I don't think anybody even believes anymore that comedians even write their own material that lived with the man of Fred Allen, the greatest of them all, in my opinion. The truth is that behind each humorous situation, gag line or at 15 is the thinking of from four to half a dozen men and they have to turn the stuff out like a freshman in college writes weekly theme papers.

Did you ever try to sit down and write an original joke? It ain't easy. In fact, to shoot as serious a business as you can get yourself into. I know, I have to do it day after day and week after week. There's no sitting around waiting for heaven-sent inspirations. They usually don't come by four o'clock Tuesday afternoon, the way the producer wants them to. And they don't come in bundles of thirty or fifty, the quantity you have to turn in to hold up your end. You can't even use an old joke book, it seems everybody owns one and knows every gag in it. I tried this and it didn't work. So you finally face the fact that you gotta be funny.

Ahead of there is to go on is the general subject or theme about which the material is to be written, the

is exaggeration. For some reason, and think heaven we don't worry why, when you exaggerate things enough, it makes people laugh. Suppose we say the comic is complaining about how much money he owes the government. To exaggerate a great debt we think of who really owes the government a lot of money. This is pretty obviously with the Marshall Plan and the old lend-lease, any foreign government. Here's the making of an exaggeration gag. We'll let the comic say:

"I owe the government so much money, they don't know whether to divorce me or jail, or declare me a foreign power."

To exaggerate things some more, we could go into the thickness of the income tax returns he'd and let the comic carry one out on stage and say:

"This is the Individual Income Tax Return."

"This is the short form. We also have the long form, it's out in a another room in the parking lot."

Another type of situation that it won't get a laugh — and only when a chuck of applause — is the statement of an obvious truth. For example we might have the comic say:

"We say here if you are kind or over thirty-five, check here. Let's just do it, after jailing this one, who wouldn't be?"

or an another obvious truth would be:

"It says here, estimate your income for the next year and enter it here. I did, but I left my name and address off the top. It they want me to guess how much I'm

going to make, let them guess who mailed it in."

I was later told, incidentally, that somebody did this but for some reason they wouldn't give me his name and address. Another favorite formula involves creating a funny picture about something. My favorite gag, and I didn't write it, along these lines is:

"His wife is so long for her ship to come in that her pier collapsed."

This brings us to a technique which is widely used and is considered highly

indicated, shown or in dialogue where the stage turns back and sets up the gag line. Monologues are the most difficult to write and, to hold audience interest, a strong laugh must come every two or three seconds. This again, isn't easy. If you think back to your favorite comic, you'll probably remember that his monologue comes at the beginning of the show and lasts about ten minutes. You can go through a pile of material to get funny among gags for a monologue. The worst part is, there's no dialogue to hold the interest of the audience, and if a gag dies it just lies there looking miserable. If two of them in a row die, so does the comedian. That's when I start calling up my old boss at Sears-Roebuck. The result is, more comedy situations are developed in dialogue so if the gag dies, the comicality of the story saves your neck. This gives rise to dialogue gags, the ones that go best in conversation rather than in straight monologue delivery. A favorite here is the "logic" type, in which a long argument is developed and the punch line then is a complete reversal on what the talking is building to:

Comic: I'm going to beat every window in the joint, break up the desks, poke you in the nose and get a gun and point it straight at your head.

Chick: . . . and pull the trigger?
Comic: Whatever no, I'd go to jail.

or:

Comic: I've dedicated for my neighbor's kids, my children, our three cats and my father's second wife.

Chick: . . . are you claiming your son?

Comic: We're over eighteen. That would be cheating.

There are some other formulas used now and then, but I think it must be pretty evident that you can build up a pretty good quantity of material just from these alone. Needless to say, you can always get a laugh combining a famous person's name. Right now, Marilyn Monroe works best. Any which on George Gobel is also sure fire. This one killed them:

"That's an old joke. In fact it's so old, I remember it back in the time when George Gobel could still get things."

Mr. Gobel, incidentally, covered the matter on the "poor English" gag. When I say it, it just makes me sound illiterate. When he says it, with some phony accent (schleppy) they fall into their TV sets. Some of the best look

better this way.

Let's see how we take this collection of formulas and actually sit down on a bleak Monday morning, with the kids pulling the paper from under you and the wife with placards and the whole situation generally demoralizing, and turn out a batch of material. All the formulas in the world won't be worth a cent, if first of all you don't see the funny side of things. You'd be amazed how you get to see the funny side if, like me, you live with two kids, three cats, two dogs, a brother-in-law, and an ex-husband for a wife. I mean only that my wife is so ex-hus - well, you get what I mean.

To start things off, you get a cup of coffee. That always helps, especially if you happen to drink coffee. Now you start a pointless word game in which you write down everything and anything that comes to mind about the subject to be gagged. It doesn't have to be funny. It almost never is. For one, people involved, possible situations - in fact anything will do for the start. This is known as association. Let's say, for instance, the spouse's wife had a dream about insurance. Being a witty creative-type person, she got up on the "bedside" of bed and said, "John, wouldn't it be funny if Helmut Schickler did a program about life insurance?" John, who is nobody's fool, says, "Kew!" So now it's on my shoulders. When I have to do it, get it all my shoulders and into Helmut's mouth and this is no small problem because Helmut can't even read. So, here we go:

LIFE INSURANCE. Live a long time . . . company and dependable . . . is dependable . . . it is a company . . . Mark of Schickler . . . pabulum . . . complicated wording . . . literary . . . collect when you die . . . policy good for wallpaper . . . good for wrapping paper . . . company president doesn't have life insurance . . . has it with another company . . . have to die a complicated way to collect . . . Let's stop here and see what formula we can apply. Sometimes they come too. In writing down . . . good for wrapping paper . . . a "trash gag" suggested is all:

"I found the policies the company hasn't even made good wrapping for fish."

A second one came pretty easy, too. This is about having to die in a complicated way and suggests a three-way gag:

"I don't think it's a good deal. How much chance is there I'd die

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JOKE

pabulum

time. This is called "gag switching." In switching, you create part of a known gag and change the other part, or you keep the idea in general and rewrite it. The "collapsed pier" bit could be written in rewritten form as:

"I told them I'd pay my tax as soon as my ship came in, but just then my pier collapsed."

or another idea which suggests itself:

"I told them I couldn't finish filling this out because my pen collapsed."

The most subtle type of known formula is a "run." Some people just don't go with this and they're hard on gag writers, even though gag men will laugh louder at them. There's obviously no meaning or relationship in the sentence structure itself and that's what makes it funny - except when it isn't - and that's about:

"I got so frustrated filling out this thing, I threw myself into my favorite pen and committed suicide."

"I got so confused on this form, I threw myself into the inkwell and blackened to death."

Where all the bits, material is compared up using what is called a "classing." In this type of gag, two lines are written and act as a buildup for the third line which is the punch for the gag. If properly delivered, these almost always get a strong response.

"My neighbor Charlie Johnson went in and got a \$100 reward, my bus went in and got a \$400 reward. He, they gave advice."

All of the material listed so far is usable in either monologue form or



*Among discarded memories,
he roamed like a scavenger*

By **LEN ZINBERG**

I was lingering over a signpost in this small bar next to the theater, waiting for someone, in particular, whom he came in. He looked familiar, the sort of person you know you've seen before — but where? His didn't flatter; he dressed those few whistles in a hurry and started for the door. If I didn't remember his face, I knew the heavy fur. He was a joker who lived a few streets away from my house, and I usually walked behind him, every morning as we rushed for our common man.

When I finally decided my drink I walked slowly over to the station and of course he was waiting for the 11:15 train. We glanced at each other, nodded vaguely. I said, "I saw you in the bar next to the ballet theater. See the show?"

He nodded.

"Hardly call myself a lover of the ballet," I went on, "but I enjoyed to see it, this is the first ballet I've seen in years. Usually can't stand all that silly posing and prancing, the fancy gawking. Same with opera, only I can't take opera in any form. But this foreign dance company, they're smart, raising hell and sex."

He didn't say anything; I wasn't sure he was even listening. Our seats pulled in and we sat together and I tried once more, although I was sure I'd missed the coordination. "The point outside the theater, the glory of the ballerina, this Maria Amara, got me. Never saw anything so lovely, the apple tall figure, and those marvelous breasts. Young too, can't be over 18."

"She's 22," he said, his voice thick and almost silent.

"Most of these ballet girls are too muscular, haven't much up in the breast department, but this Maria, why . . ."

"Why the hell don't you stop talking about her?" he asked suddenly, his voice drunk-hard.

He was a bit too soft and short to talk that tough. I asked, "Why shouldn't I talk about her? What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Excuse me. I'm wound up pretty tight . . . a little high. Or I wish I was. Forget it."

We didn't talk for awhile and I glanced at my paper and he stared at the floor. Then he said, "The dancing was a little suggest; they were better last night."

"I'm no authority on . . . Last night? You a ballet fan?"

"Not for a club that doesn't know what it's all about. But I've seen every show since they opened last week. And I'll be there every night till they close."

"Connected with the theater?"

He shook his head. "I'm a junk ball of marbled curiosity. I don't know, with a name like Amara — and that's her real name — she could hardly miss during the war."

"Mm . . . what?"

He leaned and stared at me for a moment, his eyes heavy. "You curious, serve in Europe?"

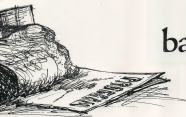
"I was a lieutenant, stuck in Italy all during the war," I said with the polite smile I reserved for such explanations.

"An officer — oh, hell. Know how it was with me? I know Maria over in Italy."

"You saw her dance?" I asked.

"I never saw her dance — there. I was a man of great influence then, a man who certainly deserved to keep a luxury ballerina. I was a big-company corporal who worked in the PE, had a tremendous supply of cigarettes, candy, and cigarettes. Oh, I was a very, very big wheel, you understand."

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dance,
ballerina!



While McCaffery, the husky former national league wrestler, had a splendid conceit for the crowd. No one had ever heard him say a good word about him in a ball park. Not only were they worse than abusive and heartless children, he had decided long ago, but they had no sense of natural justice. They were incapable of appreciating that beautiful coordination of mind and eye that went into one of his decisions. They were always resentful of his superior insight. On and off the ball field he abused people, but he didn't feel lonely. He was proud of his work.

Around the circuit regular fans who hated his imperious aloofness would try and make him, and he would show his conceit in the way he stood on the baseline, his massive blue-tinted body motionless, his big arms folded, his shoulders hunched up, his cap pulled down over his eyes. He might as well have been dead. Indeed, some fans believed that he actually was dead, for when they tried kidding him before a game, with a laughing mock friendliness, he wouldn't even turn and smile. He dropped their head-on-kick friendship as much as he did their head-on-kick insults, and the crowd knew it, and when he went scuffling after a runner, scuffled, shot out his fist, and yelled, "Yimms out!" the fist remained held out like a quivering spring, quivering with the crowd's angry roar, and they hated it. But they wouldn't touch him with their hands. He had trained himself so thoroughly that words addressed to him had no meaning. They were just sounds.

One Saturday afternoon he was working the second game of a double header between Buffalo and Toronto

MOTHER'S DAY

At The
Ball Park

(Continued on Page 28)



"Are you sure this is the way to attract moose?"

There's something to be said for roll-up windows



FOUR

WHEELED

BRONCO

By **ALAN BECK**

I bought a sports car. It was my money. I want for it, saved for it, gave up smoking for it, switched from Scotch to dollar wine, and I bought it. If Alice couldn't see it, I was sorry. It was my money.

There are some things a man does because he cannot help himself — drinking to an inside straight, cheating rigors, becoming a father, and buying a sports car. All of a sudden, life without a sports car is just a bowl of grout.

The first thing that happened was that I was arrested on general principles before I even got the thing home. Officers of the law are sensitive about sports cars. There is something about chrome tailpipes that makes policemen see stop-light red. Dual exhausts irritate them; a custom interior annoys a straight pipe man; anything on the spot. As I say, I was arrested on the way home from the dealer.

Alice thought it was cute and for a moment I thought I had gained some ground. "Well, let's go out for a spin in the Green Hammer," I suggested, "and I'll show you what a real car will do." Two blocks later her hair was blowing straight out ahead and she looked like the Witch of Endor. How could I have married that?

"There is sound and taste to home," said the stop-light of my life. "You ride your way and I'll ride mine."

"But I traded in the old car," I pointed out. "You don't have anything else to ride in."

"I will have tomorrow," she threatened, and she did. She withdrew all \$150 from her savings account and bought a spartan, wind-tunnel 1200 sedan with will over 100,000 miles on it. (You can make an American car down, but you have to kill its competitor with a stick.) And Alice hasn't set foot in the sports car since. Why sports cars do this to a woman's hair, only the foreign designers know and they aren't talking. In all other kinds of transportation, including the bus, the hair blows back away from the head. Not in a sports car — it has to be different.

Imprisoned as I was with the first shock of driving such a wild, dark craft, I was not so immediately dumb that I couldn't notice that the thing rode like the old Oldsmobile 8 Wrench R.R. It was rougher than an Arkansas cob. Run over a slight bump and the shock would travel right on up the steering column, into the arms, and land with a thud at the base of the brain. Either they forget the springs in my sports car or else it's supposed to be driven waddling up.

"This," said the dealer, when I went back to ask if springs were optional, "makes the sports car to hold the road better and improve the cornering." Cornering, it seems, is what happens when you take a corner or curve just. Subsequent tests proved the dealer to be correct. The morning Green Hammer would corner like all get-out. I'll never forget the thrill of taking a sharp corner on a country road at 80 miles an hour, head-on into a herd of sheep. My grill was replaced for \$10, but the sheep were beyond repair. The man with the sheep said he was going to sue me and he was right.

But don't misunderstand. I like the Green Hammer. I like it even though the seat is so low that I have to look up to see the bottom of a Greyhound Bus. I like it even though I can't see over

the top of the steering wheel. There is a good two inches to look through under the wheel. And I don't mind the rough ride too much. While an inviolable cushion probably would soften the shock, I am sure I will tougher up in time.

I hadn't been driving the Green Hornet long before I discovered that sports car society will not even have distantly in common of speedy American cars. The rugged sports car, it seems, has a long pedigree and old school air conditioning which simply cannot be cranked by an abundance of shocks and sticky dampeners. I found that any automobile boasting of rail-clip windows instead of mountable, hock-on plastic side-panels is to be observed with a raised eyebrow. Windows indeed! What do they want in the Karp-worm in wheel?

I learned that a sports car should have nice wheels of the type held on by a single, big wingnut; not the bolt-on style into an expensive sports car. My brainwashed has been so complete that today I would rather be driving in the cemetery in a Model T hearse than own with wheels which are bolted on.

An important genetic difference between the breeds is in the sound of the exhaust note. A true sports car will always make a noise whereas the sports car will be strident, dumb, poor thing. This strident exhaust note is not the raucous blast of the horned, but the throaty sound of a tiger purring into a microphone as your grandfather scowls in the rear room. My new boy, little fingers have installed a special muffler on the Green Hornet so, that while idling, the engine sounds like a complacent motor boat — "bubbel-de-bloop, bubbel-de-bloop."

Being rather simple in mind, I had no trouble in adapting myself to the simplicity of the Green Hornet. Lack of gadgetry is the very essence of its design. A Confederate would sneer at "Marching Through Gopher" than a sports car driver would speak such dirty words as power steering, power brakes, automatic transmission, all of which are the sports car's work he made. The strict purist even develops an aversion to windshield, windshield wipers, floor boards and tops. This is probably something like pigs and requires long practice.

The Green Hornet, of course, has an old-fashioned, floor-mounted gear-shift, since a sports car driver would rather have thumbs on his stomach than have a gear-shift on the steering post. If all this makes sense, then I am J.

Fred Maggs, but have one fact and I am making a clean house of everything.

Finally, the sports cars are big and fat, whereas the sports car must be small and light. Why must it be small and light? What are you, anyway? A school teacher? All sports cars are small and light! Must you have a name, that?

Of course I expected space to be a little tight in my four-wheeled browser. After all, it was meant carrying capacity one can always lug a 2-ton truck. But what I laughingly refer to as my luggage compartments would scarcely accommodate more than the shoelace I now carry along for emergency use if I should suddenly decide to test the car's phenomenal steering characteristics again. After you put in the spare tire and spare parts, there is room for either a light lunch or your shaving kit. Unhappy and well fed, so smooth and hungry. You were so smart; now you can make your choice.

When the Green Hornet's engine is in perfect tune it is a mechanic's dream. It would make a Stein watch-maker weep with ecstatic jealousy. The trouble is that it gets out of tune quicker than a 25 violin and sounds worse. American cars are content to

have one carburetor which is adjusted for idle in the factory and stays adjusted until 1939, when the junk man owns the back away. The Green Hornet, the big shoelace, has to have two carburetors with more adjustments than a compiler has legs. I sometimes suspect that the adjustments have the adjustments on them. Entire books have been written on what the inventor may have had in mind. I once heard of a fellow who spent the entire week adjusting his carburetors and when he finally got everything just right, soldered up all the connections. His sports car club kicked him out and took all his badges away.

The acceleration of a sports car is fantastic. By revving the engine to around 4000 r.p.m. and suddenly letting in the clutch you can bust yourself into the future almost before the police car can catch you. It has a mind, a capable little mind, all its own. As soon as the car is released it must get between here and there instantly. It goes as though any time spent between two given points is a blamish on the honor of England (or wherever it comes from). I decide to run down to the corner for a package of cigarettes and the Green Hornet drives down halfway (Continued on Page 54)



"Do you realize what this does to your winning streak?"

DANCE, BALLERINA! (Continued from Page 15)

"Of course," I said, not really knowing what he was gesturing about.

"And she was fourteen, with a hard, wonderful body — even then — although not as well developed as now, she was hungry then. You can see the picture."

"Mind I don't."

"That's right, you remained in out in Ohio," he said. "It's simpler: she was hungry and I had food, so I became her first lover, Fanny's best friend Harry Williams, a two-bit salesman from Jackson Heights she first to love the progress collection all New York — maybe all the world — is talking about."

"You serious?" I asked, sounding snipit.

"With I wasn't, it's true — at the time she told me she was a dancer but I didn't understand or believe half of what she said. When I looked like she'd come home, her folks sent her down to her grandmother in Foggia, who was doing my laundry. That's the blueprint. Green love story, isn't it. What remember?"

I thought about it a moment, seeing Charlie in my mind, more he was lying. "Sure she's the same girl?"

He gave me a bitter bit smile.

"Think I ever forget anything like that? Would you?"

"No."

"You haven't heard the best part yet," he said. "This drama, this beauty, begged me to marry her. Don't that

complain! Me, baby Harry Williams, turned that down! I liked her a lot, but . . . hell, she was just another kid, wanting to go to the Bronx . . . you know. No, I guess you don't — it wasn't like that in Ohio. Anyway, our highest wing moved up from Foggia, and that was the end of that."

"Soon her again — here?"

He spun around in his seat, and in that hard voice, "Hey, what kind of a fool do you think I am? Of course I haven't seen her. Hell no."

I didn't say anything and he turned around again and I read my paper. We got off at our station, walked along the dark streets. He finally stopped in front of one of the apartment houses and, as I was about to try good night, he said, "Sure I'd like to see her. I'm leaving a guy with something to say to her. Sometimes I think, suppose she's looking for me! She was pretty fond of me once there and . . . But she's strictly movie stuff. I haven't been looking."

"Guess you're right, she'd be ashamed to see you now and . . ."

"I'm the one that's ashamed," he said loudly. "I try to tell myself it was all something she was forced upon me, but when I see her dancing on that stage, I hate myself so damn much I almost land. I feel like a goose who has raped her — maybe rape is all it adds up to. And there's something else that makes me feel lousy . . . Come on up for a drink."

"It's pretty late and . . ."

"That to show you something," he said, taking my arm. We walked into the lobby, stepped into the elevator eleven and he pressed the fifth-floor button. The apartment house was a modern priced one, about the same as mine. He asked, "What's your name?"

"Hayes. Eddie Hayes."

He unlocked, opened, "Okay, Eddie." He unlocked the door of his apartment and switched on the light as I stood there, feeling a little silly and suspicious. He walked into a living room that was too neat and lived, the furniture fairly new and modern . . . something like my place. He said, "Take off your hat" and went into the kitchen, returning a moment later with a bottle and two glasses.

A sloppy woman's voice called out, "Harry!"

He coughed me, said, "Yeah, Eddie. Having a quick one."

"None, Harry," the voice said, turning silent. "I told you about wedding no damn much lately. I don't know what's got into you the way you say one and then come back smelling like a . . ."

A woman in her early thirties stepped into the hallway. She wore a wrinkled nightgown which showed off a plump body that was on the verge of sagging and going fat and slumpy. She had curls in her once blonde hair and her face still had part of her make-up on. It looked dirty. She was pretty in an average sort of way, with a little full mouth, a large nose and sleepy eyes. When she saw me, she pulled the nightgown around her with a little drink, darted back into the bedroom. "Harry! Why didn't you tell me . . .?"

"Forget, Edna, and you didn't give me time. This is a neighbor, Eddie. My wife Julia, the so-called brain ball," he said to me.

I was embarrassed. I said, "Sorry to bump in on you this way, Mrs. Williams."

"That Harry?" she called out.

He poured out two drinks and as I held up my glass he said quickly, "The God's wife don't say, here's to you. You no what I got."

"When you talking about, Harry?" his wife asked.

"A little deal Eddie and I were talking over in the subway," he told her. "A crummy deal."

"Now you know we haven't any money to . . ."

"Sure, Honeybunch, I know, I know," Harry said. "This is a deal some dope looked himself with."

(Continued on Page 45)



"Who's calling, darling?"



THE WAY IT HAPPENED

The inquisitive youngster asked his father, "How did you propose to Mammie?"

"Well, son," replied the father, "as near as I can remember, it was like this: We were sitting on the sofa one evening in your Ma's house and she leaned over to me and whispered in my ear. I said 'The hell you are?' And the next day we got married."

A NECDOTES FOR ADULTS

OF WHAT IS MAN MADE

Sam never had been recognized as a legitimate item to list on expense accounts, but that didn't stop Meyers from listing it on his weekly reports: "A man's not made of wood — \$5.00."

Finally, after several weeks of such reports, the salesman revised his report to read: "A man's not made of wood — \$25.00."

His employer rejected the item with the notation: "A man's not made of steel, either!"



from the escapade collection



MAJESTIC MONDRIAN

At a very smart dinner party, a young lady gave him over and lost one of her most precious possessions out of his formal evening gown. His disconcerted waiter immediately vaulted over to her, plucked the young lady with a napkin, and tucked her neatly back into place. The maître d'hôtel summoned the waiter to his side and tightly informed him that he was fired.

"What why?" demanded the waiter. "This is a clean and dignified establishment," came the ready explanation. "Whenever such things happen, we put a warm spoon instead of the finger!"

in the Toronto ball park. Willie was having a difficult day. He wasn't himself. Last night he had got a wire from his only brother, out on the Coast, asking for money for an operation on his sick wife. Willie had wired some money, and then had felt considerable nervousness he hadn't wired enough. And on the make for today's day. During the first game of the double header he had been feeling restless and impatient, then the man got nervous; the second game dragged on with the fielding ragged and the home team unable to do anything right, and Willie was disgusted.

In the sixth the home team, three runs behind, tied the home with one run; then Watkins hit sharply to the left of second. It could have been a single, but the Red Sox shortstop made one of his fantastic stops, ball spinning on his ear and three to second, where the second baseman, pitching beautifully, got the ball over to first. Right on the play, Willie jerked up his hat and cheered, "Three out!"

Finally, the Toronto manager, jumped out of his dugout and cheered around, but Willie met his eyes and instantly looked away. Willie had the respect of every manager in the league and knew it.

Scrambling over to the grass behind the line base line, Willie took out his handkerchief and mopped his face. "Hey, McCallery, you winner..." came at him, and he not only heard the voice, he heard the words and found himself repeating them, and was so astonished that this had happened that he tried to figure out why. Of course it was a famous voice, coming right from the rail behind him. Any other day he would have heard that voice, but he wouldn't have dared so shamelessly as the words it would have been just another insulting word having no meaning for him. But today he wasn't himself, his mind had been wandering from the game. Hunching up his big shoulders, he kicked to the grass and tried to conceal from himself that the voice had reached him.

Looking near the foul line at the end of the next inning he heard the voice again. "Hey, you blind man, McCallery, when's your white cane?" the stumped and pained up a blade of grass, placed himself solidly on his feet and reflected. He was really worried, for this one famous voice was breaking through his years of impensurable darkness; and, when finally, the first batter up, his line left well

wired to scratch it into a double, Willie, calling him out, half tumbled to lines: "You middle-headed, bow-legged blind man!" the big voice roared. And as Willie moved into position behind home, it came again, "What a drag—what you are, McCallery. You've got two balls on this game. I know your books. He told me."

Willie was disgusted with himself, but the more he tried to concentrate on not listening, the more he became aware of the voice, and it chased him. He began to worry about what was the matter with him, and yet he had a fainter curiosity about the source of the voice. And when he was stationed with folded arms near first and he heard, "You couldn't catch, your pitcher is in every nook of every in the stadium," he was so impressed with what was happening that he turned, in spite of himself, looked at the first row of seats behind the rail and picked out his companion, a lanky, pink, middle-aged man with a bow tie. As soon as he had turned he realized how he was chastising himself. He jerked his head away. The regular fan behind him, who had never seen him take the slightest interest in them, looked with delight. The man with the bow tie took a bow and roared out some words.

Willie tried to tell himself he had merely looked up over the stands to see if a bank of clouds would mean hide the sun and throw a shadow over the hot infield, but he heard himself. It was all the fault of the ragged, and his game and the heat and his lack of sleep. He tried to show his imperturbable contempt of the crowd with an even greater arrogance of style when he called them. He kept moving around. If he had turned and looked at the heckler again he would have despised himself forever. He felt sure he had become himself again. The roasting voice seemed to recede.

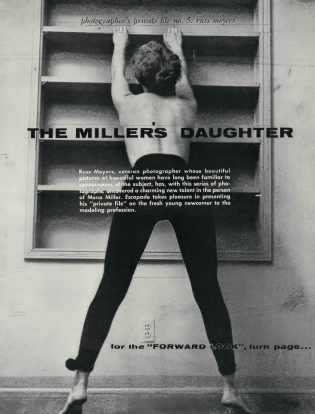
In the last of the third, the home team called and scored two runs, and with Spencer, the fastest catcher on first with the living man, hopelessly, came in to pinch him. He roared out between first and second. The second baseman got his glove on it, tossed it to the shortstop, who had no trouble tagging the slow moving Spencer, and Willie called it and the game was over, jerking off his cap Willie sighed and came walking off the diamond.

As the rail the fat, pink-cheeked heckler stood up sneering. He felt big and important from the triumph he had had as the one who had provoked Willie. Passing only a few feet



"How do you know Mrs. Martini is losing weight?"

(Continued on Page 27)



photographer's private life no. 5: ross meyers

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

Ross Meyers, veteran photographer whose beautiful pictures of beautiful women have long been familiar to connoisseurs of the subject, has, with this series of photographs, discovered a charming new talent in the person of Mona Miller. *Sensado* takes pleasure in presenting his "private life" on the fresh young newcomer to the modeling profession.

for the "FORWARD LOOK", turn page...



The sweeping lines of the "forward look" are a sensation throughout the country, and the sweeping lines of Mona Miller are destined to have the same effect, at least on the male population. Mona's own "forward look" is toward Hollywood and a career in movies and TV. A talented dancer, she views modeling as a stepping stone on the way to a Red Air museum, a pink scale and a Chrysler Imperial. A girl of Paris, is Mona.





A busy, but typical, day in Blinn's life is pictured on these pages. Hours of hard (or, practice, followed by periods of dreamy relaxation. Not a bad routine for a pretty and ambitious girl.

ADULTERY IN SUBURBIA

(Continued from Page 8)

saw his mother at breakfast.

"Daddy's somewhere . . . probably down the street . . ."

Over a broad alley of lawn between the houses, he glimpsed the old man, bent over his ottoman at his cart. He had been on the block a long time.

"Daddy's there . . ."

"Ah . . . that up, you think . . ." But he remembered, and he didn't say it.

The sidewalk to flowers and the women on high heeled him, and he pulled a stalk of grass from its leaf-ward sheath and chewed the pulp, a cool green and broken, and walked, arms spread, along the ridge of walking, heel and toe, heel and toe, a great clean stride he was, on a wide high in the heart of the new road, with no one to gaze the apertured foot, heel and toe, heel and toe.

"Watch!"

He slipped, and he started over again, heel and toe, heel and . . .

"Ugh! Heel!"

But the car in the gutter was soft, and hobbled, and he began to step on the hobbles, and there to there pop

and no make wrinkled prints with his heels. He heard a rattling sound, looked up and saw Dan Lewis pumping his bicycle down the center of the road, the car snapping at the tires.

Dan's fat legs lifted his short pants and his fat arms filled the streets of his T-shirt and his close-cropped red hair completed the oval of his fat face. He made a sharp arc-turn with his brakes on, skidding his rear tire, slowed beside Tommy, and sat on his bicycle, pushing it with his foot on the carling.

"Where you going?"

"To the movie," Tommy said. He wished Dan hadn't stopped, and he broke his hobbles very carefully, keeping round. Dan was always chewing all his size, eating away on hobbles in his own world.

"What movie you seeing?"

"Darry Crocker. I like Darry Crocker . . ." He searched for more car hobbles, but for a long space there weren't any, and so he ran his hand down the thin back hobbles of Dan's bicycle, his fingers leaving marks in the dust. The red glass had reflection was lost, and he spun it round and round.

"The guy's at your house."

He knew Dan was going to say it.

"I bet that's why you're going to the movie, isn't the guy's there?" Dan's voice was whistling.

"What guy?" He didn't see the word, but he accepted it. He had to be as tough as Dan.

"You know. The guy who's always coming to see your old lady when your old man ain't home."

"What guy? You're whistling?" His stomach worked on him as it always did when he would cough on the white line for the 99 post check or when he would be at his wife's back home watching.

"Yeah! Well, if you don't know who he is, you and your old man are the only ones who don't. Wear up! The guy's car's there now, and he's in with your old lady. C'mon! I'll ride you back."

"Huh! That's just my uncle. My uncle comes to see my mother lots of times. Anything wrong with that?" He searched Dan's face.

"From what my mother says, this guy ain't no uncle."

He remembered how Dan's mother, parked in her Pontiac by the school lot, week, waiting for Dan, had pretended she hadn't seen him when he had come down the walk in the rain. "How does your mother know so much? How does she know what my uncle looks like?"

"My mother says it seems pretty funny this guy would always come when your old man ain't home."

"Yeah! Well, my father doesn't like my uncle, and he told my mother if she wants him to come and see her . . . if . . . if she wants him to come, she has to have him come when he's not home. And I don't like my uncle either. My father says he . . . he keeps on on." The lie sounded real to him.

"That's funny! My mother says your old lady is having an affair, and that it's a disgrace to the neighborhood."

"Affair? A strange word. Disgrace gives it meaning. Tell your old lady to mind her own business!"

There was old his bicycle and he is sat, wringing against the curb. He stretched Tommy's arm.

"You can't call my mother old lady!" His face was close and Tommy could feel his breath. "Take it back or I'll kick your bigger tooth in!"

"You stop back, calling my mother an old lady, and I will. And you called my father my old man!"

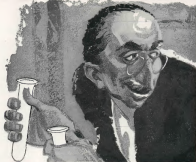
Dan was spreading his arm harder. "Make me! I'd like to see you make

(Continued on Page 44)



"I have such complete confidence in my product that I'm not even offering a money-back guarantee."

THE ALMOST PERFECT WOMAN



"But what in the hell will you do with a mechanical woman?" I asked Uncle Casper innocently.

Casper looked up at me through wire-rimmed glasses. "Obviously, double-breasting hasn't made you any smarter, Albert. I shall do the same thing I would with — ahem — shall we say, a human woman." He poured some pony goo into a test tube.

"Oh come now, Uncle Casper," I protested.

"Don't call me Uncle," he bellowed. "until you can prove that some insolent rascal has not deliberately large body of yours. I want no one to know you are even vaguely related to me!"

"All right, Casper, then. But surely you aren't trying to tell me this creation will be able to hold a conversation, or cook, or play the piano, or . . ."

"My dear Albert," Casper interrupted me. "I think you have forgotten that I am one of this era's most famous unknown inventors and as such have always been able to make anything."

I winced at that anything. Ever since Casper had invented a stick bomb that had costed a powerful Illinois town of some 750,000 souls, he had been living on this small island all alone, defended by his millions. To Uncle Casper, I was merely a stranger, someone to hang to.

"Give me the details," I said cheerfully. "All you do is make me tie to this horrible pollution hole because you say you have a mechanical woman. Why all the fuss? What makes you think she'll be any better than, say, your portable head bomb-shaker?"

"Look, Albert, and listen closely. Plastics have been perfected. One can do anything with them. It is now possible to make a plastic substance so similar to human skin that it would fool anyone at first glance — or feel. All it takes is research and hardwork to get the proper mixture. I assure you no one can tell the difference between my plastic and real human skin."

"Oh," I said. "You mean you're building a plastic model of a woman. Well, that's O.K. For a minute I thought you were . . ."

"No no no!" he screamed. "A complete woman with her own individual thoughts and reflexes and vocal chords to charm anyone. Rather, to charm me. And don't tell me it isn't possible. Here. Look at this mechanical one I built for a trial."

He scurried over to a box and lifted the lid. I peered cautiously inside and there, to help me, was a living breathing cat that blinked green eyes at me and meowed sweetly. But it wasn't really a cat; the tail was merely a wire skeleton, was hair and flesh.

"I ran out of cash," Casper ex-

plained mildly.

The cat twitched.

I switched. "Victrola."

"It isn't very complicated, really," he claimed in his incoherent, nervous, cat-like voice, running a hand over his bushy white hair.

"But the body . . . how . . . what did you . . . ?"

"Merely a matter of understanding the basic principles of psychology, Albert, sorry. I took a live cat, probed around in its brain a bit to find certain areas responsive to stimuli, and just built a mechanical cat with a brain similar to the live cat's."

"Oh," I said. "There didn't seem to be much more to say, so I repeated it." "It's."

Casper threw a candy mouse in the dog. The cat meowed twice, like "thank you." I looked away while Casper hastily petted the animal; it was too much like a Freudianistic movie.

"My cat, like this cat, has flexible neural instead of bones. I used wires instead of tendons and nerves. I'd have to admit, though, it was a bit difficult to make a mechanical thing that would move with any grace."

I nodded eagerly and followed him across the room to a huge diagram.

"Here," he said, "I've charted a human's complex nervous system." He waved a hand at red and pink lines. "Certain nerves are not important to

(Continued on next page)



Casper forgot one small but important thing

greatest man in the world? Eve's a pretty smart gal."

I was beginning to think Casper was the greatest man in the world myself. "Will she be able to cook?"

"She will surely have the cooking abilities of every great chef in the world who has written anything about his work. I've built in all domestic gauds."

"Well, how about singing, or painting, or playing the piano?"

"Listen," Casper commanded.

It was Peggy Lee singing. Only a woman, because the loudest voice was coming from that same mouth that had produced Jane Allen's voice. And she was singing a song concerning the greatness of Casper. The song ended. The voice laughed a gay little laugh a wicked laugh that blazed of moonlight and perfume and silk.

"When . . ." My voice was hoarse. I cleared my throat and tried again. "When will you have the body I desired?"

"I was waiting for you to ask," he grinned. "We're hanging over there in the corner."

I did a double-take. Suspended gay when held a headless woman, modestly dressed in a one-piece red-and-white checkered one suit. A mass of cables erupted from her neck, but from the shoulders down, she was completely human, soft and desirable.

"Pretty, isn't she?" Casper asked. "I used various machines from those girls," he pointed to a pile of pile-up pictures. Anita Ellberg's was on top.

He had done an excellent job. Her body was delicately formed; her shoulders round and smooth with a light mole where the shoulder bone ended. Firm breasts pushed against the cloth and two dainty waists looked just the right size for her hands to hold. The curve of her hips flowed down long, thin legs with tiny feet. The top button of the red suit was suggestively unbuttoned; the skin was perfectly white as the cleavage was as though Eve had been sunbathing recently. Casper's perfection.

"And her hair?" I asked.

"It's here in the closet. As soon as I finish this group of movie clips, I'll be ready to attach it."

Some thin wiring clanked in my mind as I turned back to Casper. He said he had probed the mind of a live cat to make his mechanical one. Oh-oh-oh.

"Casper! Surely you didn't dis-

sect a real woman's brain?"

He shook his head sadly. "No, unfortunately, I couldn't do that . . . not even in the name of science. No, Al here, I had to rely on charts."

"Charts?"

He re-lit his pipe, rejecting the role of Great Scientist. Explaining Myocardial To Neurology. "Remember when I visited you in New York last summer?"

I nodded. How could I forget! He had arrived without warning and acted like a suburban working woman. And when Casper had gone through my back door's back door with psychology pro. The girls told me later he had asked odd questions, then marked their answers down on a complicated graph.

"Each of your girls had a certain personality quirk," Casper said. "For example, Louise was sophisticated; just was deeply religious. Nancy, a conversationalist. Ann Pat was intelligent and kind, very. As I remember, Gabe might was an outgoing type girl and Elizabeth was rather passive."

I checked. I had had a certain emotional interest when I had arranged a date between Casper and Elizabeth. "Yeah," I said, "you're right all the way, especially about Elizabeth. I never told you, but Liz really is a . . ."

Casper again interrupted me. "Enough. Please, Albert, don't bother to explain her characteristics to a trained psychologist." He smiled. "I simply observed the various behavior patterns of all your girls. Nothing in it, if you know what one is doing. These with the girls I find desirable in women, I incorporated in Eve."

"You mean you sort of liked the girls' brains?"

"You might put it that way, Albert. Actually, Eve is a composite of all that's heavenly to me."

I turned to look at Eve. "Casper, I suppose this is a stupid question, but let me ask it anyway. Why?"

He sighed. "I'm a lonely man. I'm all by myself out here on this desolate island."

"Well, why don't you get married? Or move to New York?"

"I have people. Famously, no rather to close."

"But you got lonely."

"But I got lonely. Gosh, so what could I do? I've got you out here every four months! I don't want to hurt your feelings, perhaps Albert, because I talk to like you . . . but you're stupid."

"Thank," I muttered.

(Continued on Page 48)

me for my mechanical women, such as pain-bearing ones, for example, or I left them out. Then I added an automatic pump to simulate breathing. . . .

I had to encourage him to stop this fantastic talk. "Why must a mechanical woman breathe?"

He looked gravely at his pipe. "Have you ever noticed a woman's breasts rising and falling with respiration as the naked rapid breaths? And Eve will come well-equipped with respiration, let me assure you."

I returned my question. "Of course," Casper said me. "You using most human master serves. Eve has to be able to walk and move and swim and dance."

"Casper," I asked in a noncommittal voice, "will she be able to . . . talk?"

"Naturally," he beamed. "We'll have a voice like Jane Allen's. Listen." He pushed a minute button on a tiny, unobtrusive screen.

"Casper, darling, I love you. I adore you. You are the greatest man in the whole world." It was a lovely, warm voice. Like Jane Allen's.

I sat down abruptly.

"Of course," Casper said. "Installed in the model, I must have to push a button. She will instantly respond intelligently to certain key words, although I'm not trying to build the world's greatest brain. For example, if I were to say, 'Eve, I love you,' she'd reply in the same voice. Or if you were to say, 'Casper, you aren't so smart,' Eve would immediately say, 'Casper is the

MOTHER'S DAY (Continued from Page 26)

away from him. Willie didn't look up. And, as if he felt slighted, the fat man, leaning over the rail, said so quietly and intimately that none of the other men heard him, "McCallery, I just want you to know I think you're a cheap son of . . ."

As Willie's head jerked up he felt himself go blind and all his muscles began to quiver. He was running at the rail, but he didn't know what he was doing. He swung himself over the rail. He lurched among the fans in the aisle who blocked his way, gaping at him blankly. He charged through at his tormentor who was wiping his pink forehead . . .

Dropping his handkerchief, the fat man put up his pudgy face and with his short, heavy arms he tried to make effective halting gestures. Willie punched him on the nose, and then closed with him. Someone shouted: "Those in the aisle jumped at Willie and tried to drag him off. Some two policemen had Willie by the arms. Excited fans who had come leaping over the seats, tried to jostle Willie. A small boy got in a poke at the back of his neck."

The fat man, also restrained by a cop, held his nose and cursed loudly and begged everybody to let him as Willie.

Still staggering, Willie suddenly became aware of the cops' umbrellas and his mind cleared, he realized that he had jumped into the stands and he calmed a bit. In a panic he kept shaking his head in some kind of a desperate protest. Not only had he lost his self respect, he would lose his job, for crossing toward them in a rush through the crowd, was Gelling, the house owner's tall, weary faced business manager, who yelled, "That of the way! What is this?"

All the fans came crowding close to Willie and he felt very lonely. In his rage and remorse and fear he stared at these faces, and for the first time felt he had to justify himself to a crowd, and he cried out blindly, "He's not going to say that about my mother."

A big fellow, who looked like a truck driver, turned to the little fat boy beside him. "What did the guy say about McCallery's mother?"

"I don't know," said the little guy thoughtfully.

Those who were harassing Willie drew away reluctantly. "What is it? What happened?" They asked each other. "The guy insulted McCallery's mother," someone said. "O, I see." And

the two tough little guys who were encouraging the fat man looked at each other nervously.

The angry business manager was now standing beside Willie and the two cops. "What's the cause of that?" he shouted. "What are you trying to do, McCallery?" He asked, but Willie, breathing hard, only shook his head.

"The guy had been riding McCallery about his mother," one of the cops said.

"Yeah, and when the guy touched his mother McCallery took a poke at him," said the other cop.

"Oh, I see," said the business manager, huffed and embarrassed. Suddenly he swung around on the man with the bow tie. "Going after his mother, isn't that pretty cheap, mister? You're way out of line, I think." Then he turned impatiently to the cops. "I know this guy. He's in here on a pass anyway, we don't need him in the park. Take him out and I'll see he doesn't get back."

Raising his scabby arm, the fat man expostulated angrily, but no one answered him. Everybody was a little embarrassed.

While the two cops were talking the fat man peep Willie waited for the crowd to part at him, but nobody said anything, and, as for looking around blindly, he felt bewildered, for he saw a kind of apologetic sympathy in their faces.

"Come on, McCallery, I'll walk you to the dressing room," the business manager said, and when they fell in step, he added, "You don't have to worry about this at all. Not with your record. As far as I'm concerned, nothing will be said about it."

"Thanks," Willie said, still trembling and all mixed up, he tried to recall what he had cried out to the crowd that had made them feel he had so much in common with them. He kept going over it, but he couldn't remember.

♣



"Gee, we wonder you again?"



DESIGNING MALE



A direct descendant of George Bryan Brummell, known to his cronies and posterity as "Beau," has pulled a complete switch on his fabled forbear. Whereas Beau was instrumental in making males of the 18th Century fashion conscious, Elgieh Borel, the latest of his line, is concerned with glamorizing today's woman.

It's nice work, if you can get it. And young Borel (he's not yet 30) can, as the pictures on these pages prove.

For ESCAPADE, Borel, who has rocketed to the top among America's fashion designers, herewith creates, directly on a lovely model, one of his high-styled and elegant creations. The camera of New York photographer Len Kovars, loaded with color film, follows the creative process step by step as a guide to Escapaders intent upon a similar career.

In blazing new trails, the talented Borel has succeeded in permanently destroying the myth that "beauty is only skin deep."







With all this success (and he's not old enough to vote, yet!) Elgee has taken time out to challenge his rival, France's Dior, to a duel over the latter's "flat-bust" edict. Dior declined, through a lawyer who cited a section of the New York penal code, and Elgee went back to his delightful career, honor intact. The draperies are going into place nicely (above and top right) and here's the finished product (lower right).





"What kind of living would we make if I stayed in bed all day?"

"HE'S THE WILDEST KIND OF JOKER."
"SPECIALIST WOMEN HE'S PLAYING FOR."
"HIS WINNINGS PILE UP, HEAPS ON HEAPS."
"AND, BOY! HE REALLY PLAYS FOR KEEP!"







"...and when he started to get freak, I slapped him clear out of bed!"



"In the six weeks we have before the mail comes up, do you think you could teach him to say, 'Do-Do'?"

PORTRAIT



She was what she was, but no one knew why

OF JOAN

By HERMAN ROVNER

I first met Joan Harvety, the subject of this somewhat exotic story, in a cafe. I was sitting alone at a table, sipping a beer and absorbing the atmosphere. The cafe was full of men and women, in various stages of exhilaration. The lights were dimly dim and a cloud of tobacco smoke hung discreetly over the cooing couples. There was a continuous murmur of easy conversations, punctuated now and then by sudden bursts of laughter. On the walls were painted fringe pictures of scantily clad women in semi-reclining positions. Almost similarly attired and postured were some of the women at the tables. It was amusing to watch the fair sippers. How proudly and bravely they imitated the drinking habits of their male companions, and how frequently they had to undertake a pious pilgrimage to the lavatory. Liquor, I remarked to myself, was a stimulant in more senses than one.

My gaze in its travels about the room presently encountered the gaze of a casual acquaintance. On the street he would have greeted me with a brief hello or a curt nod of the head, but now, in a cafe, he felt himself under a compulsion to hail me like a long-lost brother. He came over, full of smiles and salutations. With him was a young lady. Later, I was not to be sorry for this.

"This is Joan," he said.

When I made an effort to stand up, Joan placed a dainty hand upon my chest.

"Don't bother," she said.

"But I was taught always to get up to greet a lady."

"Who told you I was a lady?"

She smiled and sat down. The mutual acquaintance followed suit and, to make conversation, mentioned the fact that I now and then wrote something.

"You must write something about me," Joan said.

"It would be a pleasure."

"Seriously," she said.

"After I get to know you better."

"You will get to know me better?"

"That shouldn't be too hard," I said.

"And then you'll write something about me? A pretty piece. Is it a promise?"

I promised and we ordered a round of drinks, in proper commemoration of the occasion.

It is only now, after many months' acquaintance with Joan and after many reminders from her, that I am attempting to write that "pretty piece." It is not an easy matter to write in a complimentary vein about a woman who displays a pronounced predilection for that profession which is known, euphemistically, as the oldest in the world. True it is that Joan is very beautiful, that her form is

(Continued on next page)

PORTRAIT OF JOAN

(Continued from Page 37)

divine and her appearance angelic. True it is, also, that Joan is very tall. She has a good measure of opinion and a well-tempered vocabulary. Books are not alien to her, although the dominion there, as a source of enjoyment, with a wave of the hand and an airy quotation from Robert Louis Stevenson, that "books are a bloodless substitute for life." But, also, it is likewise quite true that in Joan's lexicon there is no such word as sin and that her morals are on a par with those dominions of the sky who every so often disturb my thoughts with their noisy amorous reveries and comical capers.

For my second meeting with Joan the scene shifts to the living room of

her apartment and the time is the evening following our introduction. As the scene opens, I am sitting on the couch, watching the entrance of Joan from her boudoir. In the doorway, my always alert and restless eye perceives about the chamber. On the wall is a portrait of a girl, in stately attire and with a stately expression, who seems to have so much thought for the morrow as her fair countess. On a small table beside the couch is a row of books. These I perused to import. The titles of the books take me by surprise, and my ears are their possessor: *Immortal by Hope and Hounds*. Here, the insurance, is a real one of yours by Ralph Waldo Emerson. I always admire people who read this type of literature. It lends great strength of character. One must have a certain amount of courage and stamina to read *Immortal*, especially those by Emerson, who has the tendency to

compress within a sentence the substance of a paragraph.

My browsing at this point, is interrupted by the entrance of Joan. She pauses in the doorway for a moment, like a lovely vision, like a Goddess come to earth. It is proven that it is no fiction of the fact that she is producing a superb esthetic effect. Every woman is a born actress. Having just completed her toilet, she appears exceedingly fresh and dainty. Joans arising from the sofa never looked any brighter or lovelier. Satisfied with the effect of her pose, the new walks across the room, with moving steps, as though the room were a stage, and greets me with a great show of affection. She leans upon my unexpecting, though not unwilling, lips a full and fervid kiss. I am agonously surprised. Never before have I been so effectively welcomed by a young lady, especially one of such brief acquaintance and of such inconspicuous charms. I receive her seductively attention, which, mind you, was rather gentle, and on my part, with strongly agitated feelings. I accept her initial token of friendship with mounting curiosity, but with the hope half-dormant in the back of my head that upon her lovely lips there lurk no loathsome germs. I reflect, with misgiving, that after Venus, the Goddess of Beauty, it seemed a faculty of ugly diseases.

My basket is wearing a single, cheap garment, through which is visible the shape of her breasts.

"That is a pretty gown," I remark, lamely.

"Thank you. You like it?"

"Very much."

"I would feel more flattered if you complimented me upon the contents of the gown."

"Certainly. That is a pretty figure you have."

"Oh, thank you, sir."

Without much ado, she sinks down, points herself in my lap and drapes her arms around my neck. When have I had such a beautiful pair of feminine arms around my humble neck? She looks smilingly, first into me and then into the mirror of my eyes. Her powerful feet sink and warm against my thighs. I acquire a little uneasiness. I am, I must confess, not used to this sort of thing, to this manner of comradery. A subtle perfume emanates from her person, causing a tickle in my stomach and a palpitation in my heart.

"Do you want a drink?" she asks. There is a bottle of liquor and several glasses on the table.

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"Nice if you so wish, but I'm afraid you'll have to spend your afternoon somewhere else."



What's everybody looking at?

WHAT'S SO UNUSUAL ABOUT THESE PICTURES?

*test your powers
of observation:
is anything out of
place here?*

Beautiful day on the Sunset Strip.

The Hollywoodian prides himself on being so blasé that he will not turn his head to gaze at the most bizarre of happenings. That's because the town is full of people concerned with the manufacture of motion pictures and TV films, and those who are not with they were. The Hollywoodian is afraid to stop at the scene of an auto wreck, not because of blood and tragedy, but because of his awareness that the wreck may have been staged by a movie company, and he'd rather let the victims of a real accident bleed to death than run the risk of appearing naïve.

This attitude of masked anonymity is often carried to extreme lengths. Someone, commenting on it recently, asserted: "Why, a pretty girl could walk nude down Sunset Boulevard and no Hollywoodian would turn to look. If anyone did look, you could be sure he was a visiting tourist."

Well, in ESCAPEE's great uncinch-movie, a pretty girl did walk nude down Sunset Boulevard a few days later and, in pursuit of his usual scientific method, ESCAPEE's camera recorded her progress as



(Continued on next page)

she dropped, leached, loaded and hitched a motorcycle ride home, clad all the while in leaching gloves, shoes and handbag.

Hollywood traffic is temperamental, eye-stinging among those obscures the sun — but life in the entertainment capital has certain compensations. Among them are the endless opportunities to record for posterity happenings that would strike occupants of less-favored communities as outlandish. As, for example, this potential round of a pretty girl strolling made along the Sunset Strip.

ESCAPADE's ordinarily alert photographer knew there was something odd about the girl the moment he laid eyes on her, but it took him a few minutes to discover what it was. Luckily for us, he woke up in time to take these pictures.

It's hard to catch
the eye of a
Hollywood waitress.





Grapefruit are always in season in Southern California.



It costs a lot of money to run these days.



Parks are for relaxing.



Everybody likes a parade.



That's called a "buddy seat."



*"Love is like a beautiful edifice, Miss Cartwright — it must
be built up a little piece at a time."*



SEMINAR ON VIRGINITY

By JIM BAILEY

In which exceptions fail to prove the rule

Instead of the usual poker or blackjack game, the boys were sitting around having a hell session in the police station parlor room this particular night. Someone had brought in a few cold six-packs of beer, it was warm and it was quiet. There were three or four reporters there, the number varying as one or more men try to make the rounds and check news sources in the building, and a couple of fire fans, the likes of which hang out in every such room. All of us were hoping there'd be no firemen; it was just too pleasant a Spring evening for any heavy work.

"The hell with this idle chatter, let's talk about virginity," said Bud, a big, easy-going guy who had been admitted to the bar but preferred the company of a reporter's modest salary to gambling on the much larger bets he might snag as a parking attorney. He was always caught in an argument, as well he might be; he'd trained for it.

"How 'ya! How 'ya! Backtime is all his racket again," chimed Pete, a sassy-tempered news hound who could write the sort of rags that is read in English classes at the "Times in Journalism" but generally talked in the chunky language of the bullpen or docks. "What the hell do you know about virginity, my learned friend, except that it's something every girl is born with?"

"Lay off him, Pete, and let's hear his proposition," suggested Wallie, a wannabe blonde who had a beautiful supply of fiction in his make-up even when half a dozen pairs of newspapering.

All eyes turned toward Bud, who measured his soap box and began. "In simple terms, the proposition is that our pretty girl of 22 can be a virgin."

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No you don't, give me such and give take a whole!

ADULTERY IN SUBURBIA (Continued from Page 24)

not Your old lady's a bitch. A dirty bitch!"

He had heard the word before, in army canteens and in the school yard sometimes. He knew the word was dirty, and he sensed it was worse than the others had meant, like soap. He didn't know why he could tell that, except perhaps from the way it sounded and the way people said it.

"Where's mother? Scared?"

Dan was bigger and more of his strength. He threw Tommy's arm free and put his hands on his hips, and his nose was very close to Tommy's. It looked very large. Tommy glanced about to see if anyone were watching. There was no one, and he was glad. He wouldn't mind being beaten if there were no one to see it. And he knew he had to fight.

His breath came fast and a muscle in the calf of his leg twitched. His teeth were clamped, and he talked with his lips. "I'm not scared of you!" And he stepped back him.

Dan was at him, pounding, in close, pounding, and he shut his eyes and punched back, and Dan was on him, gripping, and Dan's arms were quickly

under his arms and he opened his eyes to see the men and women upstairs, down and his back slipped against the earth and he scrambled backward, trying to get up, and Dan was at him, gripping, tearing, always pounding. The blows didn't hurt as much as he had expected. They jostled on his cheeks and finished his chin and eyes, but he felt a numbness to them. Somehow, he was apart from it, and he thought about it. Maybe he should just give up, but he had stood it this long and he could stand it an instant longer, and after that for another instant, and then for just one more, and pretty soon it would have to be over and then he would be glad he hadn't given up. He had to remember how glad he would be later on that he wouldn't give up now, and still Dan kept pounding, and he was surprised that he had lasted this long. He knew he had hit Dan, and he wondered if he had hurt him, but he doubted it, and he knew Dan was beating him and that he was going to be beaten badly, but he was pleased that Dan hadn't beaten him sooner. Maybe, he told himself, Dan would respect him for lasting

so long, and Dan and he would become great friends after this, like Robin Hood and Little John . . .

His breath was shot from him by a kick, and he lay on the ground, gasping, holding his stomach, knees up. He thought only of getting breath back into him and that he would die if he didn't. He heard Dan getting on his bicycle and riding away. He wanted to cry out for help, but he couldn't make the words. His stomach was all pain, and he felt as if he had run for a much longer time than he should have, all eyesores and ache. But the breath came, quick breath, little sucking sobs of air. He got up. His stomach was sore, his joints were torn at the knee and his knee was green and brown from grass and dirt. His hands were scraped raw where he had fallen on them, and he reached about his eye and it was tender and beginning to swell. He walked slowly down the hill at the end of the street, across the parkway, and along the slender path by the river.

When he came back to his street much later, the houses had stopped smoking and the vendor was gone. The commuters, hot from the effort of the hill, their air pulled loose, were hurrying into their yards, waving to the running-to-mother-child, picking them up and flinging them, all yell, into the air. And the paper boy was snapping his square folded papers from his bicycle and they fell thumping against the doors and porch steps. His father's car was in the driveway, and he walked up to the front steps, picked up the paper, and went around to the back of the house. His father was stooping over the dandelions on the lawn. The dandelion digger was new, and the pall beside him was nearly full.

"Hi, Dad." He tossed the paper onto the lawn chair. "New dandelion digger, huh?"

His father stood up and stretched, looked at the pall of weeds, then at the new tool, turning it slowly in his hand. "It makes it a lot easier." He smiled. "What do you say?" He offered the tool to the boy. "As one weed a dandelion, every hundred would be a dol . . ."

Tommy saw that his father was looking at his own nose. He rubbed his hand over his eye, and he could feel that it was swollen. He wondered if it were black, but he guessed his father would have noticed it sooner if it were.

"A light, eh?"

The boy was understanding in his father's face. "Yes."

"You don't look too bad." His father reached the first under the eye,

"Hush!"

"No, No, no much."

His father laughed his head. "I guess you'll be all right. Did you treasure him?"

"No," he said. "He lost out." He wanted to say that Dan Leslie was bigger and older and that Dan had kicked him in the stomach. Somehow he hoped his father would know that.

"Well, if the fight was about something that was important . . . worth fighting the . . . it's no disgrace to be beaten."

He knew his father didn't want to ask any more questions, but he knew he was expected to tell about it, and he didn't want to hurt his father's feelings and he didn't want to lie.

His father was grinning. "A girl, eh?"

The boy remembered that sometimes when his father would put his arm around his mother and hug her to him, he would call her "old girl." He looked down at the pair of dance shoes and nodded, and made marks on the gum with the toe of his shoe and hoped his father wouldn't ask any more about it.

The screen door on the back porch opened. They heard the spring stretch, and the door snap shut. They looked up. His mother was standing there, pinned, head cocked and smiling.

"Well, what are my two men discussing so seriously?" she said and walked over to them.

"Our son had a fight over a girl this afternoon," his father said.

"Tommy! Your eye! Oh, let me see." She stood before him, holding him by the arm, studying the bruise. "Oh, that's simply awful. Come on in and we'll see if we can take the swelling down."

The boy shook himself free. "Not let it show!"

"Well!" His mother looked at his face.

"Better go in with your mother, Tommy," his father said. "We'll fix it up for you."

"Please, Dad, I'm okay."

"Let him say, Elmer. He's all right. Besides, it's a kind of badge of honor. I imagine . . ."

She glanced at him.

" . . . oh, you know. Like a saber scar on a President officer's arm."

"No & he'd!" the boy cried. "It isn't like that at all."

"Very well, Tommy," his mother laughed. "So it isn't like that at all. We'll forget all about it." She took her husband's hand. "Come, darling,

you can make me a cocktail before dinner."

His father pulled the paper from the chair. "Gossip, Tommy?"

"In a minute."

"All right, but better hurry. Your mother'll have dinner ready shortly, and you've got to wash. You don't want to keep her waiting."

The boy watched his mother as she walked with his father down the path. Her legs made him think of the legs of a woman he had seen dancing on a table top in a movie show.

"Black," he said.

He drove the dance shoe digger deep into the earth.

"Dirty black."

BALLERINA

(Continued from Page 18)

I gulped my drink, didn't know what to say. Julie was a lot like my wife and I loved my wife, but then I'd never lived with any Maria Amadora. Harry said, "Have another shot."

I took my hat, headed for the door. "No thanks. See you on the subway tomorrow."

"Sure."

I said good night to his wife and went out. I really wanted another drink, but all mixed up, but I knew Harry was going to need all the whiskey he could get.



CONJUGAL CATECHISM

BY
HONORE DE BALZAC

(CELEBRATED 19TH CENTURY FRENCH WRITER)

AND INTERPRETED BY
W. D. LANSFORD

(IMPOVERISHED 20TH CENTURY LOAFER)

B

Never begin a marriage by a rape.

L

Unless it is someone else's marriage



B

The fate of a married couple depends on the
first night.

L

That the husband's away.



B

To skillfully note the shades of a pleasure, to
develop them, to give them a new turn, con-
stitutes the genius of a husband.

L

Or a damned contortionist.



B

Each night should have its menu.

L

Ah! That sly Frenchman!



B

Marriage must constantly combat a devouring monster: habit.

L

Each monster must constantly combat a devouring habit: marriage.



B

A husband should never be the first to go to sleep or the last to waken.

L

Right! Especially when his best pal is house-guesting.



B

The husband who leaves nothing to be desired is a lost man

L

Or is keeping a chick somewhere.



SEMINAR

(Continued from Page 43)

Pete, who was the dean of police reporters and had a daughter in her late teens, spit out a choice bit of advice, ending up with "They'll sure as hell get you with a net one of these days!"

"All right, then, your girl and your wife are exceptions, just like my sister and another are," Brad concluded. "As ethicalists' girlfriends of the Fourth Estate, let's grant that our sisters and wives, if any, are exceptions. We also should include in that category those admirable souls who lose us, even though there be bright-eyed idealists who think that hard-boiled journalists such as we were spared the promulgation as the scum of a crooked. Albeit, let us bear in mind that there is no rule in which there aren't a few exceptions.

"Now then, leave me out and you may stir your suspicions, if any there may be, as no person. This is my theory: Many pretty kids start dating when they are in their early teens, but we will be conservative and take 17 as the average age, so by the time they reach 22 they have been dating five years.

"The number of previous lovers who are not among ten right after night might well amount about fourth the score of us, and has become, but, for the sake of argument, we will settle for an average of three dates a week. So in the five-year period in which I assumed our charming specimen will locate her virgin state, she has had 780 dates, perhaps with a great many different Lasharias but more likely with a small succession of 'studios'.

"Some unpermitted rules are as the maker every time they go out with a girl, as we all know, while others of us who do not look upon sex as some sort of sport would be too strict in our strictness so we may suppose that various boy friends, or her steady, will try for the big reward about half the time."

Brad's theme was entirely new to all of us, apparently, as he had an attentive audience, even including Pete, which was unusual because he was much better at sounding off than at listening. Brad nodded open another tin of beer, gulped some down and continued:

"By simple mathematics, based on our absolutely arbitrary assumptions, we have the figure 380 as the number of occasions on which our lovely young man will be called upon to defend that which is allegedly sweeter than life itself. Chances are she has been

a 'one-time girl' at least two or three times in this five-year period, so she has probably had terrific affairs urged repeatedly by her various studios in addition to like adventures pursued by the occasional strays she has dated in between the times she was going steady. Personally, I dislike that expression, but I understand that's what the young folks call it.

"We come now to the rub of my assumption, which is that on at least one of those 380 occasions in a five-year period, our beautiful specimen will be caught at momentous into one of these situations: She is romantic, feeling that 'he's my man and I love him so'; she is caught on the rebound after a love affair breaks up and the just plain doesn't give a damn; she is in an experimental frame of mind, wondering what this matter of sex is all about, or she is weary from indulging too freely.

"Naturally, regardless the primary cause of the type of grand larceny we are now considering, can be summed up in that order: If the right man gets a girl at the right time and place, she'll submit." Whether the larceny is on a college campus, on a drive back from Coney Island or down on the farm, the result is likely to be the same. If our girl thinks she is really in love and expects to marry the guy at some to be finished school, get out of service, receive a raise or some such thing.

At this point I cut into Brad's monologue, observing, "At least she might say 'maybe.' Which reminds me of one you guys may not have heard on the difference between a diplomat and a lady: If a diplomat says 'you' he means 'maybe' if he says 'maybe' he means 'no' and if he says 'no', he's no diplomat, while if a lady says 'no' she means 'maybe' if she says 'maybe' she means 'yes' and if she says 'yes', she's no lady."

My yarn didn't get the response I wanted, I figured, so I clammed up and Wallie said:

"You have just dished a pleasure, Brad, in which I am myself as perhaps an average one of those 'lambs' you had in mind. This particular girl and I started going together when she was 16 and I was 18 and we were mighty fond of each other. That affair continued for four years and broke up. I'll always regret, when the learned that I had a couple of dates with another girl. This honey and I had some rather exciting sessions, so to speak, but I had a lot of respect for her; we both had high ideals, I guess, and we both wanted to start something big — something fine and noble, as we both

looked upon it — for when we were married. Those who figure that any girl is fair game may think I was a sucker but she was such a find, damn kid that I'm sure I would do the same if I could relive that period, knowing what I know now. She married another fellow about a year after breaking off with me and she and I'm certain, god, that you'd have to know a place for her among your exceptions."

We all knew Wallie was a high-principled fellow, undoubtedly far above the average, so his story came as no surprise. Brad concluded to make his exception "for the record" and went on:

"Let us proceed to the issue of the rebound and never mind what happened to you on your rebound, Wallie. Our specimen was a party to a 'yes' and only later that turned sour; the legs herself pure and sweet because of instantly distant standards and then, girl — the guy clayed with some other girl, left there but no forwarding address so she'd had to find some other manner. It was all so unpermitted, that a wallow between the eyes an ideal love one day, utter devastation, an aching void the next, anguish, eating the remnants of a shattered heart, continuing for days. Then a new and brightly lit dawn up and she asks himself, 'Why should I try to be decent? For what I got and fellows apparently don't appreciate virtuous girls, so I might as well have my fling.'"

Several guys started to sound off but Jack, a young reporter who talked loud and learned fast, cautioned them:

"What, these boys, let me field this one. Brad has just described a girl I met about a year ago and shared quite a bit. Some of Brad's speech about 'believe me appreciating decent girls' sounds just like what she told me many times. She was living that pass romance so much of the time, I preferred, that it gave me a pain in the neck, but we had our gay times, too. I'll admit I was on the make, with no matrimony in mind, and a couple of times I was sure I was about to score. Never did, though. One night we were something on the doorstep when her parents came in earlier than we had expected; another day we were in my car, parked at a secluded spot near the beach where a couple of boys from a pond the flashed a light on us and told us to move on, and a third time — mate! I'll never forget that — was one summer evening at a picnic. We'd gone out with two other couples and

(Continued on Page 58)

"Then one day I decided to make myself something to keep me company. A cat. A dog. But that wasn't enough. I wanted someone to talk to me."
 "To tell you how great you are?" I asked curiously.

"Quite right," he agreed. "Someone also to cook my meals, to smile at me, to come to pump me and to provide at my dinner table with grace and charm. I wanted a very special kind of a woman, free from disgusting sides and demands, and completely unselfish and loyal. There are no live women like that. So I just made myself an Eve."

A gentle draft made Eve very slightly. "Well," I asked again. "Why not?" For the first time in my life, I repeated Uncle Casper. I walked over to Eve and touched her arm. It was silky and warm and tender, not at all like plastic.

Casper looked at his watch and groaned. "Getting late. You go on to bed. Tomorrow you can help me make the final adjustments as we can back her up."

I obediently started up the stairs. Then I turned to look at Eve in the shadowy corner. "Casper, one last question: Will the . . . I mean, are the . . . ah, hell! Is she really a complete woman?"

Casper slowly straightened from his work bench to glare at me. "You blooming idiot," he said icily. "Just why is the hell do you think I made an Eve instead of an Adam?"

I went on up to bed, thinking about Elizabeth and Casper and Eve. Then I changed my thoughts. Casper knew what he was doing. I felt asleep to dream of a perfect woman with very interesting attachments. Casper shook me awake right at a crucial moment.

"Tch, tch," he said reproachfully. "You were dreaming. Come, let's go to work."

After a hasty breakfast, we went to the basement. By now we had custom-built all the wires — Casper giving instructions, me hurrying myself as the chains rattled from his my spare time. I studied the blueprints. Well, Eve wasn't so complicated.

"Hey, Casper," I called, "what's this series here?"

He came over and traced a complicated series of lines. "That's the dancing set of relays. Albert. You'll move them the lines lead into a sort of control panel, then to the electric battery."

I nodded my head.

"Well, this control panel is a regular. For this dancing series, her muscles, I can control Eve's dancing abilities by merely turning a small set screw. All that does is decrease the

amount of electricity going into her brain in that one channel, so the dance's have as much power or energy to think with. Simple, isn't it?"

I had to admire Uncle Casper. Not only had he built a perfect woman to order, but he had left an escape route in case he didn't like some of his traits. Eve had a brain that mimicked a human's, a body that surpassed any I had ever seen, and a set of controls that made her a veritable slave.

"Well, we're all set," Casper said, opening a drawer. I could see long blond hair and a well-formed head. Casper carried it to the table in the corner, laid it carefully on top, then spread some sticky stuff around the joint. He stepped back, flicked a sample of single switches, and released the guy wires.

She moved. She spread her eyes. She smiled. "Hello, darling," she murmured sweetly to Casper, "and how are you?"

The next ten minutes were the worst I've ever spent. Casper and Eve talked quite naturally for a few minutes before he introduced her to me.

"This is my nephew Albert."

Wider eyes surveyed me curiously. "Hello, Albert."

Casper smiled. "Eve, don't make fun of Albert. He plays a good game of chess."

The wider eyes looked at me greedily. "But I won't be going to make fun of Albert, Casper," she turned from me gratefully. "I'll go make lunch for my two men. I imagine you're very hungry." She walked seductively over her shoulder as she walked up the stairs.

I don't remember what I said during lunch. I remember I was amazed to see Eve eating with us and I remembered the small remarkable ways she built into her. But she danced quietly about the kitchen, new clothes, house-cho-

(Continued on Page 88)



"Married just two weeks — and already you're more interested in the news than you are in me!"

the smiling man as hell was ideal — romantic moon, radio playing softly, blanket so casual in a secluded spot after we had broken up into two-couples. To my way of thinking, I'm really making time when, unknown — she stops me in the line. "How come this unique show of affection? I ask and she gives me that old routine she must have learned at her mother's knee: "You don't really care about me. There's only one thing you're got on your mind and you're not going to get me on your list of conquests. Thanks so very much for the effort of a conducted tour, but I'd rather keep my self respect." And then, gentlemen, was no picnic from which I went home alone."

In the no major hitch, the tour was holding out and the ball games, reminiscence of college days, took her to continue like a normal meeting at which she stood up to give "anti-monks."

"It's a long time you can't get a live guy to back up your weary diary, that, instead of only exceptions," groans Pete.

"That certainly isn't surprising. Pete boy, because we are all gentlemen and everyone knows that no gentlemen will kiss and tell." That replied. "If the teachers will bear with us for a while longer, we will consider the case of the experimentally inclined Mr. & Mrs. who has the wisdom of the true scientist, a series of facts and reality who cannot be satisfied with theory and fantasy."

"This age the first-hand knowledge would be likely to occur in the latter stages of the five-year period, after one girl has probably rejected a couple of hundred propositions. After all, they have helped to play her curiosity. Aside from the ventures into the realm of sex that have been offered to her, one girl has heard a great deal about it, read about it and even it depicted in the main theme of movies. So she's naturally curious and wonders what it's all about, thinks it must be overrated — but when it's not! On a vacation trip at the seashore or in the mountains, far from the old home town so one can back home can possibly hear of it, she meets a nice fellow and decides the time has come to satisfy her curiosity. She is, forsooth, a guest if the guy has any sense about him; in fact, she might even be the aggressor."

I agreed by yep and movement. "Wings, Bud! You've called my number. But it wasn't at the moment or another; it was on a cruise ship out

of New York when I was hopping bells after I got out of school. The girl was 21 and a beauty I was 22. In a way, my experience was sort of like Jack's — no one but you so far. There's something romantic about those cruise ships but it often happens that there are a lot more girls than men. There were on this trip, which may help account for the fact that this lady was kidding around with me. We got kind of clumsy and one afternoon she started me, mine like, by suggesting that I drop around to her stateroom a bit later when her roommate had a busy day for shuffleboard.

"While it was against regulations, I showed up and found her to be a delightfully warm and affectionate sort of person. She was enough to indicate that she had some curiosity about boy and girl relationships but before I could determine how willing she might be to safely sail curiosity, the going sounded for her drill and I had to shakelike to get to my post on time. It was almost like picking up where we left off another afternoon when her roommate popped in and I had to make up some lie about being there. That way saved me off for a few days. She was amazingly sweet, though, didn't me about being a 'body car' and dared me to drop around the last day out, when her roommate had an appointment in the beauty salon.

"I was there and there was some all feminine checking but before anything serious occurred we heard the cry 'Land ahead' and she seemed to get me on deck to watch the display of Manhattan build up as we approached. I'll never forget when that cigarette drill whispered to me a couple of hours later as she was debarking. "Don't feel too badly, Bud; at the last moment, the answer really would have been 'no.' Since I'm just a mere old man, as one fellow told me."

But Bud had one point left and he claimed that some women considered it the strongest; namely, that the farewell to virginity is most often accompanied by an abundance of booze. Being somewhat qualified, the ironic inhibitions of the drink would be less compelling, he pointed out, and the fear of "firing number in the morning" would be less serious.

Pete, who had been surprisingly quiet through this long dissertation, was meaningfully anxious to understand the crap de grace because the last word was exactly one of Bud's mouth when he piped up, quite ungram-

matically, "We and Shakespeare can both give the lie to that one. Your friends ain't going to be drinking alone, I hope, and if you'll read your Marlowe, you'll find a line that will apply to her guy. It says there she drink 'perverts the chaste but it takes away the performance.' Still more love than he was writing about."

Bud did get in the last word. "Theoretically, shame, my argument is still sound."

Then it was time to go home; to sleep, the door was gone.



EXCITEMENTS, we have discovered, have things in common with the less-privileged remainder of the human race.

For example, they like to eat. Lots of EXCITEMENTS are teachers, and among them are a lot of apartment dwellers who see only life to eat, but also like to cook. Many of them possess a real culinary talent, while others look brightly at a pot of boiling-over tin.

So, for EXCITEMENTS interested in the preparation of food, as well as in its consumption, we start herewith a new monthly feature, EXCITEMENTS COOKERY, which will offer recipes for the back-to-back, helpful kitchen hints and an occasional dramatic.

We'll bend every effort to make this specifically a man's department, so don't anticipate recipes for finger-lickin' spreads and multi-layer cakes. Or warty salads.

Food is truly the one of the most demanding gourmet is not necessarily difficult to prepare and, far as we're concerned, the simpler the dish, the better.

We suggest that you begin saving these monthly recipes. In the very near future, EXCITEMENTS plans to make available a very attractive binder for them, and you can hand them down to your children and they to their children.

What are we saying? What children are we talking about? Well, perhaps there will be more one-bucklers among those who are certain to treasure EXCITEMENTS COOKERY recipes.



YOU ME SHOW MEIN

Always read in your Student papers too to catch up the lost class, but your girl knows where she can see everything, and she has a wealth of friends that couldn't miss her school.

Later in your shopping and shopping there before close time, they open the seasonal liquidation and disappear the same. You may get increased credit for spreading your car loans.

- | | |
|----|----------------------------------|
| 84 | cola bottle |
| 1 | green tea barrel casked shikho |
| 1 | large green pepper, chopped fine |
| 1 | cup chopped onion |
| 1 | cup chopped celery |
| 1 | egg, soft |
| 1 | cup, pepper |
| 1 | egg chicken, tailless |
| 1 | cup sliced mushrooms, quartered |
| 1 | egg drained hamburger |
| 1 | egg, cold water |
| 1 | egg, pickled |
| 1 | egg, very moist |
| 1 | egg, medium |
| 1 | egg (beaten) omelette |

Stalk the butter. Add green pepper and onion. Cook over low heat for five minutes, stirring constantly. Add chicken, mushrooms, celery, basil, salt and pepper. Cover and cook for five minutes. Add beans, green and heat through. Stir and water, occasionally, top green and mushrooms and add. Meat will thicken. It is served alone.

CHINA BOY COCKTAIL

- 18 **check** **change** **follow**
 19 **connect** **stop** **quit**
 20 **connect** **quit** **quit** **quit**

It's well to consider how you might like your child to behave.

The Chinese drink represents the wine with flag above, but certainly you'll do better to serve a California white wine, or even chilled gin and tonic, for instance.

Blue comes ready-cooked in one row, and bring together one in hand in row, too. When in overproof serving dish, eat your miracle meal in ready, chop chop, in art before 19th Two long, more hanging down.



THE HEE WITH COLONG FOR TWO



There once were three wise Mandarins
Who sat out to study men's sin:
Wearing red velvet slippers,
Embossed with zippers,
And antlers on their
Heads.

MEN, WOMEN AND LINGERIE (Continued from Page 5)

really got it was I got tired of seeing her go around with holes in her pants. As for the sex in it, I'm the simple kind of a guy who thinks nothing at all is sacred." **INTERLUCE (L&M):** "White is original, pink is good homewifely, but black is original. We prefer black to keep our Keds from shining. It's an aphrodisiac and makes our good women more aware that they are."

Jack (found Our Strip Woman): "The pleasing revelation of a body coming through the rye must strike men as sensitive. Anyways, black is what men consider sexy and anything men consider sexy is hot to."

Chas. (of most of the black lingerie made in made with men in mind, what do men have in mind when they buy black lingerie):

No scientific study would be complete without an expression of preference from the persons for whom the lingerie is, in the end, intended. What

do the well-matched movie makers prefer to wear underneath their spandex? How would the beautiful strippees Patti Mapple, Nancy Brown and Lili Be. Get respond to the question: "Is that a black G-string you're wearing?" Ever wear an E?"

But it was more significant to interview the one kind of woman whose opinion really matters — the woman everybody likes with. And she talked, all right.

Mrs. A., housewife: "As a matter of fact, I do love some black lingerie. . . . Oh, I almost forgot, it's P.T.A. dinner tonight and I'm supposed to bring some ravioli or is it cheap easy? . . . Actually, I have lots and lots of black, and I bought it myself because I need it to go with a dress, but actually I don't like anything but my husband. Personally, I don't really like the feel of nylon on my skin, but before going to bed I put it on for a short duration . . . did you see what

that man in Pittsburgh did? . . . He silly but I like to please my husband because in the long run it pleases me. My whole feeling about it is that a wife should never stop being . . . True, that, it's an old trick! I'd submit that some cottage cheese has . . ."

Anthropologists have found that there was no interest in black lingerie as much in the lower animals. Four aroused monkeys simply split, split and split again, in such runs of evolution before the chimpanzee brought his fringed lady a monthly banana and then indulged in several deep-picking. Sex had started the climb from hole to hole as we set up a career in the house. In terms of present-day man, chimping, the business was being discontinued.

By the time we got to the human level and the human tribes, deliberate exposure of herself by a woman had become established as an institution, and soon, in the Tripping tribe, the ancient young Maids made a radical step forward with the assumption — comparable to the conceptualization of a fourth dimension — that, if they could trick the women into exposing themselves, the women would be converted to humans.

It is only in our way very highly civilized and efficient society that one (one combines the gift (flowers), the induced exposure (Tripping), and the display (deep-picking) in a single tidy package).

That package is black lingerie. Dr. Donald S. Laird, Ph. D., Sc. D., lecturer, professor at Calicut, North-western and Yale, induced sexual-ness in applied psychology, and author of more than a dozen learned books in the field, agrees. His statement:

"Girls who wear black lingerie can sleep like on Mondays"

Dr. David Harold Pink, Beverly Hills dermatophiliac and author of the recently forthcoming *Release From Nervous Tension*, believes, on the other hand, that men who have an excessive interest in feminine underlings may be living with an unconscious fixation and working this anxiety, including in a form of mass reaction.

"An interest in women's underwear begins at about the age of 5 or 6 and groups their boys to investigate little girls and vice versa. Now, if a boy is hindered from satisfying his interest may be hindered at this point, leaving him, in extreme cases, a Peeping Tom; in milder cases, a husband Supper of black lace panties. In either case, he never gets any place — much."



BARBARA HENOLD

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BARBARA HENOLD

PORTRAIT OF JOAN

(Continued from Page 28)

"No, thank; your beauty affords me sufficient stimulation."

"Oh, thank you again. Be you always as much pretty things?"

"Always, provided the women in art treat one's self as beautiful as you are."

"You deserve a kiss for that," she said, putting her lips into effect.

There is a knock outside. Joan rises quietly from my lap. She unlocks the door and admits a visitor, a young man with a ready face and bright eyes. She embraces him fondly and gives him a long-chained kiss. They exchange a few whispered words. Then, laughing joyfully of me, the wife and the husband, they enter the next room, and it is one, I think, for a game of hide-and-seek.

I think I am now fully acquainted with Joan's thoughts and habits. On innumerable occasions I have sat in her apartment, as secured by various social functions. And many have been our conversations, over a glass of beer as a game of cards. By dint of endless observation and strict questioning, I have gathered a large fund of knowledge about Joan. Her life is an open book to me, but I must be careful when parts of it I read aloud.

Joan lives alone in her apartment. The apartment is both her residence and her place of business. Here she sleeps and eats, and here she sells conical favors. Here, for an hour or more, she gives a private lecture to a professor and lectures upon his curriculum, with an order that is sometimes precise and sometimes precocious. Her discourse is large but coherent. She will have nothing to do with a man unless he has been properly introduced and highly recommended as to character, health and financial condition. Unlike her less traditional sister, she is alone having traffic with workaday strangers from the street.

Joan often changes her abode. She has found it wise to move frequently, in order to escape the suspicion of her neighbors and the surveillance of the community. Frequent migration is one of the cardinal principles of those who live in variance with the law. At present she resides in one of the most refined sections of the city—nothing is too good for my Joan—in the vicinity of a college. Not a few of her patrons, nowadays, are also persons of higher learning. Her rooms have become an unofficial annex to the college. Miss Joan Hawley is an instructor too. And the knowledge she imparts to her scholastic friends cannot be obtained from any lecture or book, however useful.

Joan's philosophy of life is rather curious. It is her belief, for instance, that there is no sin in the world. Sin, she declares, is an erroneous conception, a pernicious invention of mankind. She maintains that there is nothing sinful or glorious in sex, and that mating is not more innocent than coining or eating. And she sees no difference between mating with a friend and mating without a friend. The act is always the same.

The pursuit of happiness is Joan's chief preoccupation. Our young lady is a confirmed hedonist. She holds, with Epicurus, that the purpose of life is happiness. She believes wholeheartedly in the doctrine that we are placed on this planet solely for the purpose of enjoying ourselves. With some, the purpose of life is the seeking of fame, or the spreading of a gospel, the winning of wealth, the subjugation of the nations, or the preparation for death. Not so with Joan. With her, the object of life is the gratification of our senses and desires, and the fullest enjoyment of the world in which we live. The song of the bird, the beauty of blossoms, the fragrance of flowers, the succulence of fruit, the softness of lips, the tingling of nerves were all created, she contends, for us, for our special enjoyment.

Joan allows nothing to turn her aside in her quest for happiness. She refuses to worry or to take anything seriously. "What is the use of fret and worry, of hopes and plans, of longing and fuming," my pretty pagan demands with devastating pertinence. "When in a little while we shall all be dead? People are fools. They live as if they are going to live forever."

Thought for the moment occupies but very little space in her pretty head. She lives luxuriously in the present. "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may" is more than a line of poetry to her. It is a guiding principle of life. I often contemplate my pleasure-loving friend and wonder when she future has in store for her. I often wonder if in the years to come she will be one of those old, barren women who sometimes are scribbling fiction in public buildings or selling pencils on street corners. I wonder, really. Life, I know, has such a seductive sense of humor.

I am rapidly approaching the end of this paper. I am not a Plover Lorry. I am quite incapable of writing voluminously on the subject of a demi-monde. I am rapidly approaching the end and I realize regretfully that I have not achieved what I had on

out to do. I have not written that pretty piece. As this I am deeply aggrieved. For, indeed, dear Joan, I am deeply aggrieved at my failure to produce the promised essay. However, this can be said in extenuation: It is not an easy matter to write a woman who displays an utter disregard for moral questions and a fond devotion to that profusion which is known, through the courtesy of a euphemism, as the sin in the world that allows one to pay one's debt parting compliments. Joan! Of all the women of your craft, that is how many but to more, you were by far the most beautiful and the most talented.



FUNNY

(Continued from Page 32)

when you said it backwards."

"I know a fellow that died of old age before he finished reading this poetry."

We can still work up a treat like logic and about the policy.

"I like the idea of protection."

I like the idea of saving money."

I like the idea of insurance. I just don't have any place to keep the policy."

So here, in an hour or so, we've cooked up eight pieces of material. You lay them aside, take them out again the next day, discard most of them and start over.

In the week of almost every night this comes. I could go on like this for hours, but it'd only make you laugh. So what I'll do is let it go as this (or that, as the case may be, depending upon the extent of the thing).

If you write jokes, they're better if they're funny.



BRONCO

(Continued from Page 17)

to Cincinnati.

Summing it all up, I would say that buying a sports car is somewhat like getting married — you sit still until you can stand it no longer and then you will be the happiest mortal in town. Don't expect your spouse or your friends to share your peculiar enthusiasm. They probably are sensible persons who think the purpose of an automobile is to provide transportation. And finally, buying a sports car is rather like living a strange railroad — it just isn't done, but wouldn't it be fun?



"I got it working from 8 to 12 — p.m., that is."

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by JOE SIZEM



POPULAR

Doon Verdon, the wispy moment comedy star, nevertheless has vocal wares to improve advantage when she can dream size them visually with undulating body English. If you had the good fortune to catch her in the Broadway hit "Can-Can" and were currently in "Honey Yentzen," you know what we're talking about. RCA/Venus has just released the redoubtable redheaded in a number of their series of "Meet The Girls" albums. Miss Verdon's first attempt is titled, "The Girl I Left Behind For." One thing about this gal is her vocal flexibility. When she sings such ballads as "Stand In My Shoes" and "For God The World Is A Stage," she frames them around a small, unaccompanied voice. But on the rhythm and melody material, the sprightly stuff she's so adept at, she comes on like a torch in a tailwind and gives us with a lusty and provocative performance: "Buddy," "Jenny," and "Stand Me A Pretentious Man" are good



ones in point. One of the strongest songs on this set is its cover — a luscious soul phrase of Carmen Ronson, just daring you to pick her up.

A song with every trace of graceless can become just another cliché if the medium of expression — the singer — for example, lacks feeling or understanding for the tune. That's one reason why most composers and lyricists flounder their creations for particular types of vocalists. Jiri Southern is one such singer who has always done masterfully well by a song and the lyric writer. Take her latest Doon Album, "Now Better Go Now." Her warm, eloquent, intimate style always keeps the melody on track and the rhythm lives the lyrics. On some of these tunes she sings with a tear in her throat, as when she croons who and produced

and maybe just a bit cynical. Sometimes don't concern and, in the next breath, with the metamorphic quality with which only a few women are endowed, she's a seductive siren. As usual, the Southern style has good material to work about, including "Dancing On The Ceiling," "The Man That You Love," "When I Fall In Love" and a few, though under-promoted Kern melodies, "Remember Me." The creative vitality and artistry in this package deserves the widest exposure — a Southern exposure, if you will.

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Julie London's New York debut as a singer was made made of, in her own way she captured up sexual disposition among the large and vocal section of males in the audience. And her experience remains. It's not only that she's a strikingly attractive, wearing long, light hair that cascades luxuriously over her shoulders; she has the voice and presence that shimmers over song's image. When she sings, she uses a minimum of gesture, letting her voice and face do the explaining. The rule is small, but because she knows how to phrase a melody, and has good material to convey with, Julie's voice becomes an articulate instrument. Her latest album, "Julie Is Her Name" (Liberty), gives plain evidence of her low skill with every song she sings. Her sense of timing throughout the set is greatly positive and she couples this with a sense of dynamics and freedom that makes her singing uncommonly positive. Outstanding Rayner Roud and Ray Lenthornwood accompany the towering London with nimble good taste. The somewhat over of this LP prompted a fellow Londoner to exclaim, "No wonder her voice sounds as intimate as it does — but where it's been!"

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"Modern Music From Chicago" (this set) is the first recording in a long while from composer Rod Rodden, a star pupil from the Krupa, Lawrence, Yerkes and Herman orchestra. Working with Rod in this set is the Sullivan on sax and trumpet; pianist Steve Hancock, leader Victor Sporn and drummer Roy Haynes. Add the talents up and you get a remarkably fluid, well-oiled portion of this thing called pop, which swings with nothing shambles all the

way. Rodden has several incredibly ten previous recordings and remains as of Miles Davis at times. The hard-core swinging taste of Jiri Southern seems in complete the crew. When all the whole first pattern with stylistic authority and technical fluidity, especially on "Taking A Chance On Love," "Dig This," "Red Is Blue" and "On Mike." There is modern jazz music here with notes, imagery and personality, and well worth the price of admission.

JAZZ

In 25 words or less, could you tell someone the difference between the Jim and God Just Between Christian and Bernard Testimonial and Modern? Whether you're hip or from nowhere, you'll find the answer in a new MGM album titled, "What Is God? A Bundle of Joy." To dramatize the difference between two typical words of jazz, two bands were assembled as if by magic, the set of Broadway jazz culture, and both were given the greatest on the same four tunes. Handling the God just one is "Knee" Gillette, while Jimmy McPherson field mania the Christians. The result is quite impressive. Along with the respective drama, the big names featured here include Buddy DeFranco, Edmond Hall, Don Elliott, Bobby Hays and Kai Windling. The high spot of the album, for one word, goes to "Inches." Buddy DeFranco and the New Orleans' pro, Edmond Hall do musical battle with the drums. DeFranco fingers his ideas in a series of jet-propelled choruses, while Hall, usually different, gives a spirited and soaring performance. Other big show-up numbers in this session include the luscious "How High The Moon," "Makin' no Headline," "Foolish," and "Jim and God Head." No matter what your major, you'll find the subject matter in this set without of intelligent interest.

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If you like your jazz mixed with its variations, then here's an album you should pick up on — "Foolish Moments Man Quaker," on the Bethlehem label. Once you go for a spin, you'll find the surprising two-bit words of Jim and God; to be put into context along the lines of that successful two-dimensional quartet of J. J. Johnson and Kai Windling. The first, of course, is subjected to a rambled solo song when compared to the Southern Jim Mann and Hot, two fluid and constructive pieces, prove their instrument to be a lightweight just vehicle. To break up the flow, Jim and God comes in for a series of solo on guitar and is especially outstanding on a freewheeling "It's Only Because." "I Remember April" is another provocative phrase in this set. Sampled from time to time, especially when you want a change of mood, there's a shower of hits on the had in this relaxing work on set.

THE ALMOST PERFECT WOMAN

(Continued from Page 85)

ing, the hole in Casper's sock, and noted like she had been in the house for years.

While she was washing the dishes, Casper lit his pipe and smiled. "Well, Albert, what do you think about your Uncle Casper, huh?"

I put in my order for a mechanical woman.

The next few days were perfect. Eve could do anything. The three of us went horseback riding and swimming on the small island. One night we took a picnic lunch and a portable phonograph to the beach and danced. Eve was safe and supple; she danced like she was born to the ball.

She cooked wonderfully. She could play an endless game of chess. She mixed excellent drinks. She sang to us in the evenings with that lovely, husky voice. Casper constantly wore a contented, happy smile.

I had to go back to New York all too soon. As the small plane that served as a landing field, I again noted Casper to make another mechanical woman.

"Why?"

"For me, you old fool. Why else?"

A husky voice gravely corrected me. "Casper isn't an old fool, Albert. Casper is the greatest man in the world."

I got into my little plane and took

off. As I circled the island, I saw Eve chasing Casper into the water. They were both nude. I couldn't keep my mind on my work the next few weeks. I kept hearing that husky voice and remembering the last time I saw Eve. I couldn't tell my friends about Casper's invention. No one would have believed it possible to make a mechanical woman so human that she thought and loved and had the brain of a college graduate.

Five weeks later I received a telegram from Casper's secretary. He had died. I was his sole heir. Eve met me when I landed on the island and cordially led me to the library.

"He left an envelope for you," she said. "You're supposed to read it carefully. Fill in your drink while you read it."

I watched her walk out the door. Even in black mourning clothes, even though I realized she was a mechanical woman, she still looked seductive. Curiously I picked up Casper's letter. "Albert," it began. "I have made a grave error. I don't know what it is. I'm too exhausted to write the full explanation, so you should read my diary first."

I picked up the small book and hurriedly scanned the pages. "Eve is everything I've ever wanted. She has the uncanny ability to anticipate my every desire." Then, two days later: "Eve and I have discovered eternal paradise. Casper, you are indeed a genius." Four weeks after Eve's creation: "Apparently

I have made some mistake in Eve's construction."

The last entry was the one he wrote before he died. "I know now I should have instructed Eve to control the stress, but I was too much in love with her. It is too late now; I am weak."

Uncle Casper's letter continued: "As you can see, nephew Albert, I made a mistake. I don't know what it was. Eve has no idea, of course, for I haven't told her there is something the matter with her."

That was all. I picked up the blueprint as Eve moved the books with some clicks. She didn't look at me.

"I read Casper's letter," she said solemnly. Then she raised her lovely violet eyes, misty with tears. "Honestly, Albert, I had no idea that . . ." her voice faded away.

I sat in the chair, holding Casper's letter, thinking back to Eve's creation. What went wrong? Sure, she was a mechanical woman, but one capable of crying, of feeling emotion. Suddenly I had a brainstorm. Of course!

I walked over to her and gently took her hand. "Come on," I said. "Let's go check those blueprints."

The plans were clear. Uncle Casper had been precise, clearly indicating what each motor relay and group of wires were supposed to do. "Oh darling," I smiled. "I'm going to have to instruct you temporarily."

There was nothing to it. I had no trouble determining the small place in the back of her skull. I found the machine on wires, having it just a mile, then activated her.

While the electric battery was warming up, I grinned. Uncle Casper was a genius, there was no doubt of that. He just didn't know enough about people, and he hadn't let me tell him. His model, the girl he claimed for love, the New York girl named Elizabeth that he called "paradise." . . . she was a symphonist!

Violet eyes opened languidly. A husky voice purred. "Albert is the greatest man in the world."



SEASONAL NOTE

Friendships intensify!

Now turn around.



"We must be almost home - I can just feel the ocean mounting!"



NICHOLS FROM HEAVEN



*Once A Cheerleader,
She Now Has Her Own
Rooting Section*





Out in Hollywood, everything new and hot a long time past has run in cycles. Somebody makes a successful gangster picture, then everybody makes a gangster picture, and you have the "gangster cycle." Or "horror cycle," or "historical cycle," or what have you. And with the advent of Marilyn Monroe, girls began to run in cycles, too.

For quite a while now, all aspiring blonde actresses have been hailed by their press agents as "the new Marilyn Monroe." Among others, for example, there have been Sherry North and Jayne Mansfield. The "Monroe cycle."

The newest entry in the M.M. field is dragging her feet, though. She doesn't want to be "the new Marilyn Monroe."

She wants to be Barbara Nichols. And that's who she is.

In common with Marilyn, Barbara is blonde, sort of a silver-blonde, at the moment. She's also sexy. She's also in pictures and TV.

But, Barbara believes, that's drawing the parallel far enough.

"If a casting director wants Marilyn Monroe, let him get her," she says. "If he wants Barbara Nichols, I'm always ready to share."

Long before Marilyn Monroe was even heard of (well, not too long before) Barbara was winning beauty contests on her own hook while still a 16-year-old student at Woodrow Wilson High School in Jersey. Long Island. Now, at a tender 23, she's just finished an im-





ANNOUNCING



ESCAPADE'S CREATIVE WRITING CONTEST FOR COLLEGIANS

The warm and swift reception of ESCAPADE by America's collegians has been highly gratifying to the editors, whose objective from the beginning has been to capture the attention of the nation's young-at-heart. We have learned, during these months, a great deal from the intelligence and far-seeing campus crowd, whose members, through their letters, have given us a workable insight into ways and means of the nation's youth.

We believe that under the students of America's colleges and universities there is great deal to see, much of it constructive. To give a voice to these creative young men and women, ESCAPADE announces a Creative Writing Contest in which any college or university student is invited to compete.

For six months, starting with the October, 1936, issue, ESCAPADE will publish the best story or article each month from those submitted. At the end of that period, one of the six stories published will be selected as the grand contest winner.

A prize of \$100 will be paid for each of the six stories published each month, and the grand contest winner will receive, in addition, a grand prize of \$500.

CONTEST RULES

1. **ELIGIBILITY:** ESCAPADE'S Creative Writing Contest for Collegians is open to any regularly enrolled student in a college or university within the boundaries of the continental United States.
2. **TYPE OF CONTRIBUTION:** Contributors may submit either fiction or articles which conform to ESCAPADE style, editorial policy and standard.
3. **LENGTH OF MANUSCRIPTS:** Manuscripts regardless of subject matter, must not exceed 3000 words in length.
4. **LIMITATION ON ENTRIES:** Each entrant may submit only one manuscript.
5. **PREPARATION OF MANUSCRIPTS:** Each manuscript must bear, in the upper left-hand corner, the true name of the contributor, his campus address and student number. No pseudonyms will be accepted. All manuscripts must be typewritten and double-spaced, and only one side of the paper may be used. Wide margins should be left for editing purposes. A reasonably accurate manuscript should be indicated on the title page.
6. **DEADLINES:** The deadline for stories for the month of October is June 1; for November, July 1; and so on.

The editors of ESCAPADE shall be the sole judges of contest entries, and all entries shall become the property of ESCAPADE. However, an entrant often will be made to receive one winning manuscript when a re-submitted and stamped envelope is enclosed for that purpose.

We have great hopes for this Creative Writing Contest for Collegians. We know that college and university students are highly individual and, despite the stresses of the times, are capable of looking at the world with unique clarity in clarity. We think these approaches to our world's most common-sense that we hope to find, when we're here engaged (and we don't think we have) the manuscripts submitted should make exciting reading.

Address all queries to: College Contest Editor, Escapade Magazine, Suite 209-210, 8101 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 34, California.

MEN, WOMEN AND LINGERIE
SPORT CARS DEBUNKED
CONJUGAL CATECHISM
ESCAPADE'S GOURMET

in this issue:

